THE

Minstrel's Bride;

OR,

THE SHEPHERD OF HAZEL GLEN.

BY

CATHARINE MITCHELL.

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TO

THE FRIENDS WHO HAVE BEEN KINDLY INTERESTED,

THIS VOLUME

Is Respectfully Inscribed,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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Invocation.

Come, guardian angel, from the world of light!
Descend amid the morning's sparkling dews,
And dip thy wing in Poesy's fountain bright,
To wake new ideas, robed in golden hues;
Then, while in thought I tread Ben Lomond's height,
With themes sublime inspire my latent muse!

Euterpe—Erato—sister spirits, come!
Music and true love on these pages trace!
Although I may not see the enchanted home
Of Nymph or Naiad, Fairy or a Grace,
I never o'er Mount Helicon may roam,
Or drink the crystal waters at its base.

I never slept on the far-famed Parnassus,
Where bright Apollo and the Muses dwell;
I never rode upon a wing'd Pegasus,
Nor felt the touch of the magician's spell;

But I have read of Scotia's bonny lassies,
Poets, and heroes, and I love them well.

Then hail, propitious Hope! thy presence flings
A saving mantle round despairing men;
Beneath thy smiles the timid snow-drop springs,
And sweetly blossoms near the wild deer's den;
Then take the harp, and while thy minstrel sings,
Guard the good Shepherd of the Hazel Glen.

THE MINSTREL'S BRIDE;

OR,

THE SHEPHERD OF HAZEL GLEN.

The Shepherd's Cot, and Hazel Glen.

WITHIN a quiet vale, remote from strife,
The noise and bustle, too, of village-life,
Beneath the shelter of umbrageous trees,
Whose leafy tops sway'd in the rushing breeze,
Their branches draperied in soft emerald sheen,
That flung broad shadows down the sloping green,
Where fleecy flocks were seen at eventide,
Returning homeward from the mountain side,
Its humble front, a low, thatch'd cottage, rears,
Whose oaken frame had braved the storm of years.
It was a safe retreat, a sylvan bower,
Where honeysuckles and the jasmine flower

Around the latticed doorway fondly twine;
There closely clings the ivy's creeping vine.
Here man, from Nature, might true wisdom learn,
And gather knowledge of the humming bee;
Here herbage green, and blushing fruit, in turn
Reward the labors of his industry.
When vegetation springs, he tills the soil,
And plenteous harvest well repays his toil.

In front, a level plot, the garden made,
Where plants grew up, to blossom and to fade;
Here various flowers in abundance bloom,
Wafting, o'er cultured grounds, a rich perfume,
And lending fragrance to the balmy air,
That sigh'd and whisper'd through the gay parterre;
Then, softly stealing o'er the beds, at will,
Among their scented cups would linger still,
Snatching sweet kisses from the opening buds,
To bear, on unseen wings, to far-off woods,
Diffusing odors through their solitudes.

A towering cliff up from the valley rose,
That long had held a weight of winter snows;
The morning sun first sparkled on its crest,

And drank the dew-drops from the eagle's breast,
That on its heights in safety built her nest,
And, unmolested, fed her unfledged brood
On the small game that habited the wood;
The lambkin, too, oft felt her cruel beak,
Borne in her talons to the scraggy peak.

A fountain, oozing from its flinty side,
Flow'd down the hill, a never-ceasing tide;
The timid hare would leap upon its brink,
And bend her head, in trembling fear, to drink;
The feather'd songsters, too, here droop'd the wing,
And bathed their bosoms in the bubbling spring.
At noon, the shepherd led his panting flocks
Beneath the shelter of the shelving rocks,—
A cool retreat, from mid-day beams secure,
They rested here, and drank the waters pure;
And thus alike, man, beast, and bird, for naught
Partook of Nature's all-refreshing draught.

And here the plumaged tribes attuned their notes
And pour'd forth music from their warbling throats,
Building their nests among the fern and fen,
And 'mid the thickets of the Hazel Glen;

While purple foxglove, and the blue harebell,
Lift up their heads deep in the violet dell.

Adown the bank meander'd limpid streams,
That danced and sparkled in Sol's golden beams,
Or rippled gently 'neath the silver ray
That night's fair queen throws round the milky way,
Her path illuming with the myriad train
That shine resplendent o'er her wide domain;
The starry tribes, that glitter round the cars
Of bright-eyed Venus and the fiery Mars,
Then mirror'd in the rills, like diamonds flash;
While 'gainst the stones the little wavelets dash,
And mimic sprays o'er waterlilies splash.
Green pastured hills arose on either side;
Beyond, the blooming meads spread far and wide;
Peace and contentment reign'd within the grove:
Here lived the sisters, Harmony and Love.

In this calm spot an aged couple dwelt,
Who, morn and eve, at Mercy's shrine had knelt;
To Heaven had lifted up a mutual prayer,
Each other's woes, each other's joys to share;
Their sighs commingled, and, with meekness, bore
The ills and changes of life's storm-wash'd shore;

For many years, in fair and frosty weather,
They lived and loved, and had grown gray, together.

And James, the shepherd of the Hazel Glen,
Was duly honor'd by his fellow-men:
The hardy peasantry, who daily lead
Their flocks and herds along the dewy mead,
Upon Ben Lomond's pastured sides to feed.
Though he had borne the weight of threescore years,
Yet, scarcely bent, his tall, fine form appears
Still strong and active, yet 't was not, forsooth,
The uncheck'd vigor of his early youth;
The scanty locks that shade his lofty brow
Had once been dark, now white as fleecy snow.
But though the frailties of mankind he shared,
His comprehensive mind was unimpaired;
And then, his beaming eyes, with soothing glance,
His venerable aspect did enhance.
But when on one his piercing gaze was set,
He never would that countenance forget;
Although commingling in each varied scene,
Though years pass by, and changes intervene,
It, almost supernatural, would seem
Like the vague shadows of a fever'd dream;

Yet, deeply graven on his memory,
The object ne'er escaped his scrutiny;
And those who did the second sight revere,[1]
Had look'd upon him as a holy seer,
Who could events of future times foretell,
And knew the mysteries of magic spell.
But he in humble life pursued his way,
Content to watch the sheep from day to day.

Agnes, his wife, a pleasant, comely dame,
In early youth from fair Britannia came.
With gentle manners, and a winning grace,
Of mild demeanor, and a cheerful face,
Her soft blue eyes display'd the virtuous mind;
In disposition, amiable and kind;
A frugal housewife, industrious and neat,
Made the good shepherd a companion meet.
Thus, quietly they trod Time's shifting shore,
Well satisfied, and asking nothing more.

An orphan grandchild long had been their care,
Left, in her infancy, their love to share.

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[1] See Notes at the close of the volume.

When, in the evening, gathered round the hearth,
They oft had listen'd to her songs of mirth,—
For Bella Duncan was a beauteous flower,
More perfectly expanding every hour,—
Her radiant smiles, and gladsome, happy voice,
Had often made the aged pair rejoice;
And they would raise their hearts to God in prayer,
Craving protection for this blossom fair;
Would ask his blessing, at the close of day,
And, in the morning, praise him in this lay:

THE SHEPHERD'S MORNING HYMN.

O THOU, who sits enthroned above
In atmosphere of perfect love,
Where happiness forever reigns,
And noontide glory never wanes;
Oh listen to our pleading voice,
And bid desponding hearts rejoice;
Keep us, Father, Heavenly King,
'Neath the broad shadow of Thy wing.

Our Saviour, by Divine decree,
Suffer'd upon Mount Calvary,
For the degraded sinner died,
By erring man was crucified;
Then, for his sake, who came to save,
Our sins in mercy's fountain lave;
And all Thy wandering children bring
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

When dangers hover round our way,
And sorrow's night obscures the day;
When bid, from dearest friends, to part,
And bitter anguish swells the heart;
Oh then, to us Christ's love reveal,
And cause our bleeding wounds to heal;
And may we fondly, closer cling
Under Thy wide, protecting wing.

When Satan's votaries blandly smile,
To tempt the weak by treacherous wile,
Luring them on to base desires,
And fanning pride's unholy fires,
Till, in the vortex, sinking slow,
The victim shrinks from hopeless woe,

Oh then avert death's poignant sting,
And take him 'neath Thy sheltering wing.

When time with us shall be no more,
May we then land on Canaan's shore,
And there, with kindred spirits meet,
Who tune their harps at Jesus' feet,
With seraph voice, the angel throng,
Thy never-ending praise prolong;
Then keep us, dear Redeemer, King,
Safe under thine Almighty wing.

The Minstrel Boy, the King Bird's Fount, and the Grapevine Bower.

With harp in hand, in search of nobler themes
Than crowded city e'er affords the muse,
A minstrel boy oft through this valley ranged,
Or roam'd the grassy hills at early dawn,
While floating clouds hung round the purpling East,
To greet the day-god on his gilded throne
And crown his radiant brow with rainbow dyes,
Ere yet his beams had drank the glistening dews,
Or the soft winds could taste the breath of flowers.

Dame Nature's child, he roved the haunted wilds;
But this romantic glen he dearly loved;
Reclined, at ease, upon the mossy bank,
He gazed intently in the crystal brook
To see the glowing skies reflected there,
Watching the insects o'er the surface skim,
And little minnows swimming in its depths;
Or mark the bubbles welling from beneath,

Like bygone dreams, waked up by memory;
Under the branching lindens then would sit,
To muse upon these scenes, and poetize.

But when the mind grew weary of its thoughts,
Then curiosity would lend her aid,
And, casting off his meditative mood,
Would hang his harp upon the waving bough;
Then climb the scraggy rocks, from steep to steep,
And clamber up each jagged pinnacle,
To see the eagle's eyrie on the top.

Here he could view the country far and wide:[2]
Ben Lomond's summit, with his lofty pines,
And sides bespotted with the snowy flocks
And lowing kine, grazing on hill and dale;
Beneath him lay the smooth, transparent lake,
With little shady islets dotted o'er,
Like green spots in a barren wilderness;
The slender fir-trees, nodding on the brink,
The cattle standing in the flowing tide,
And schoolboys wading in the shallow streams;
Now, far away, and stretching toward the east,
He saw the mountains of fair Cumberland,

And merry England's shores, with her tall fleets
Riding at anchor in the silver bay,
With ships far out at sea, and all combined
To make a prospect picturesque and grand.

One day he wander'd to this lovely glen,
And linger'd in the shadow of the cliff,
Beside the dancing spring, whose waters gush'd
Pure and pellucid from the moss-grown rock,
Then, rushing on its unimpeded course,
It fell, in mimic cascades, o'er the stones,
Into the marble basin at its foot,
Worn by the constant dripping of the spray;
There it awhile in eddying circles play'd,
Then, trickling through the narrow crevices,
Pursued again its gentle, winding way,
Making glad music as it flow'd along.

The youth had watch'd the purling stream before,
Knelt on the tuft of violets, on its brink,
And scoop'd the waters in his hollow palm,
And drank refreshing draughts;
Had seen the eagle hover overhead,
And poise his flagging wings to look below,

Then his broad pinions droop upon the verge,
And, bending down his crooked beak to drink,
Would shake the crystal drops from off his breast,
And, wildly screaming, disappear on high.
Nature had christen'd it the King Bird's Fount.

And now he sat upon a granite ledge,
In thoughtful mood, and view'd, with steady eye,
Its farther progress through the valley bed,
And wonder'd if each tiny rivulet,
That, branching off, kept in its destined path,
If they again, commingling into one,
Send forth their tributary streams to swell
The rapid current of the flowing rivers,
And thus contribute to the mighty deep.

But hark! what sound is borne upon the breeze?
It comes, like bird's notes, from yon shady nook,
So soft and clear, and witching, is the strain;
Is it the linnet's tuneful warbleing,
Or chirping robin's shrill, melodious lays?
Or is it the west wind, sighing through the trees?

No; 'tis the gentle breathings of a lute,

With the full symphony of some deep voice,
Divinely sweet, they blended so together.

A moment, and the minstrel look'd amazed;
A moment more, he held his breath to listen;
Then, bounding nimbly o'er the damp ravine,
He cross'd the path, bestrewn with wither'd leaves,
And hurried on toward the sequester'd spot
Whence the enchanting melody had come.
The place was very beauteous to behold,
For Nature's handicraft had wrought the work;
A group of shining beeches, spreading wide,
Stretch'd out their branching limbs to form a tent;
The creeping vines, too, interlaced each other,
And thick, green foliage, clung so close above,
The noonday sun could find no place to peep,
So hid his fervid glances in the woods.

The hardy grape threw out its brawny arms,
And wrapp'd the saplings in a firm embrace,
Filling the interstices with broad leaves;
O'erhead, the unripe fruit in clusters hung,
And tendrils round the scented woodbine twined.

A verdant carpet, too, was spread beneath,
And mossy seats, like velvet cushions soft,
Were ranged along the banks of emerald green
To form a boundary-line between the hills;
In front, a row of stately oaks appear'd,
So tall and straight, they seem'd like sentinels,
Guarding the entrance to this Grapevine Bower.

Bella and the Minstrel.

With eager step the minstrel hasted on,
Nor paused until he reach'd the cool alcove;
And pushing back the heavy-trailing vines,
He stood, abash'd, before a blushing maid.
So sudden was this meeting to them both,
So unexpected on the damsel's part,
They seem'd at once bereft the power of speech,
But mutely gazed into each other's face,
Wrapp'd in surprise, their eyes alone alive.

The youth at length advanced a step or two,
And, glancing quickly round the Grapevine Bower,
And bowing lowly to this Dryad queen,
He doff'd the plumed cap from his open brow,
And, calmly smiling, he essay'd to speak,
While the rich tones of his sonorous voice
Charm'd, as they fell upon the listening ear,
And forward leaning, to catch every sound,
She bent her eyes upon the grassy sod.

"If I intrude, fair maiden, oh forgive;
I heard soft whispers, and could not resist
The great temptation to behold the form
That breath'd such heavenly music through the grove.
Sing that entrancing lay to me again;
From off the velvet moss take up thy lute,
And with thy fingers touch the magic chords:
Its dulcet notes stir up the inmost soul;
Like healing balm 't is to the aching breast,
Or soothing cordial to the fever'd mind;
Then, gentle lady, sing that song again."

The maiden timidly look'd up,
And met the minstrel's friendly glance,
Then, brushing back the long, brown curls,
That, in their rich profusion, hung
About her neck and shoulders fair,
A smile play'd o'er her rosy lips,
As, in a tremulous undertone,
She thus address'd the waiting youth:

"'Tis flattery, sir, to praise my song;
I sang to break the solemn hush

That reigns within this lonesome place,
And while away a tedious hour;
It is a very simple tune,
As you request it, I will sing."

BELLA'S SONG.

THE sun is shining clear and bright,
Gilding the azure vault above;
The skylark, singing, wings her flight
Far, far beyond his native grove.

The ringdove coos her plaintive notes,
Telling to each her simple tale,
And numerous warblers strain their throats,
While music rings along the vale.

The sweet, blue violets rear their heads
Beside the streamlet, in the glen,
And modest daisies make their beds
Far from the haunts of busy men.

Creation lifts her cheerful voice;
Then, why should man despair, repine?

No; let him still in Hope rejoice,
And glorify the power Divine.

"Thanks, for the song," the minstrel cried;
But the low notes were scarcely mute,
When a shrill blast, borne on the breeze,
Came from the distant pastured hills,
And babbling echo caught the strain,
And rock and dell repeats the sound.

It was the shepherd's bugle-horn,
Blown to give sign of his approach;
The maiden started, as she heard,
And, in confusion, look'd around;
Then, rising from her seat, she said,—

"Go; leave this place, I pray you, sir;
Grandpa is coming with the flocks,
Who seek repose within the shade
Of the wide-spreading chestnut trees,
And quench their thirst in the clear stream
That gushes from the King Bird's Fount;
And it would trouble him, to know
You had discover'd my retreat;

That I had converse held with one
Unknown to me, and sang for you.
Your stranger foot has been the first
E'er stepp'd within my sanctuary."

"Nay," said the minstrel, "tremble not;
The Shepherd of the Hazel Glen,
I know his benign features well,
And oft have met his kindly smile,
When, in the morning, I have roam'd
Through the green meadows, by his side,
And pass'd with him a pleasant hour;
Then he would not object, I think,
To give me your sweet company;
Then listen to my muse, fair maid,
And let my harp-strings plead for me."

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

THERE is no brighter, purer ray,
Can gleam around a precious gem,
Than that which brilliantly illumes
True friendship's starry diadem;

Fair lady! 'tis a sacred gift
Of Him who reigns enthroned above,
Surrounded by the holy throng
Who anthems sing of changeless love.

On earth there is no sweeter charm
Than that which fondly, firmly binds,
And sheds a soft, perennial light,
O'er friendly hearts and kindred minds;
Youth's joyous hours, too, swiftly pass,
And pleasures mingle with distress;
Yet, still may blessings o'er thee brood,
To lure thee on to happiness.

And may religion's beams divine
Ne'er from thy bosom fade away,
But, like the dawn, with gradual pace,
Burst forth into the perfect day.
Dear one, of thee I'll often think;
And may I, too, remembrance claim?
Perhaps 't will fan loved friendship's spark,
And kindle to a warmer flame.

A hue of crimson tinged her cheeks;
She silent sat, with eyes downcast,
While thus the lingering bard inquired:—

"Why sit you here alone, sweet lass,
'Neath this vine-shaded canopy,
So far from human dwelling-place?
Do you not fear the prowling wolves
That range the gloomy forest through,
And oft infest the neighboring woods
When hunger drives them from their dens
In search of prey? Their thirst for blood
Would lead them to this vale remote."

The maiden now threw off reserve;
Her voice assumed its steady tone,
As thus, in confidence, she spoke:—

"I never have had cause to fear;
For many years, the savage tribes
Have not frequented Hazel Glen,
And I am not so far away
From home and friends, as you suppose;
Through yonder opening you may see

A cottage, on the valley's edge;
To me it is a pleasant walk,
And grandpa deems this spot secure;
And when the noontide hour draws near,
Refreshments here I daily bring,
And wait his coming from the fields,
To rest within my Grapevine Bower,
While I watch o'er the fleecy flocks,
And give alarm when danger's nigh.
To pass the time, I read or sing,
And listen to the wild bird's song,
Or garlands weave of flowers and leaves."

The sylph-like form, the charming voice,
The blushing cheek, and speaking eyes,
The minstrel had so fascinated,
He made no effort to retire,
But stood, with plumed cap in his hand,
In low obeisance, and replied,—

"A sweet employment, lady fair,
And well befitting such a form,
To twine these wreaths to grace your brow,
And, with your tiny fingers, make

These gay festoons, that droop around,
And decorate your shady seat;
'Tis very beautiful, indeed,
A quiet, solitary place.
Is it your choice to pass the time
In this seclusion, here alone?
Come, climb with me the grassy hills,
Or ramble o'er the broomy heath,
And cull wild blossoms by the brook;
Come breathe the free and fragrant breeze
That quivers through the clover fields,
And softly waves the golden grain.
I dearly love these rural scenes,
And never yet could I endure
To be debarr'd the pure, fresh air,
That balmy blows from mountain tops.
This place brings to my wandering mind
The stories told of Fairy Land;
In ancient volumes I have read
Of fabled goddesses, who dwelt
In sylvan bowers, unseen by man;
Methinks this green, romantic spot,
Resembles their enchanted homes,
And you, fair maid, their lovely queen.

But leave this calm retreat awhile,
To prove you are of mortal mould;
From danger I will guard you well,
And bring you safely back again."

The maiden blush'd, but quick replied,
"I cannot go; should grandpa come,
His kindly heart would break, to find
That I had thus forsaken him,
Spurn'd his good counsels and advice.
For reasons yet unknown to me,
He bids me not hold intercourse
With those I've never seen before.
Sometimes the peasantry I meet;
But strangers seldom venture here,—
They fear to pass the haunted woods,
And few this solitude would seek.
But if, perchance, I hear a voice,
Or heavy footsteps on the leaves,
I, nestled in the corner close,
Remain in quiet till they pass;
But you, so swift and noiselessly,
Without a moment's warning, came,

I had no time to think or move,
No chance had I to make escape."

As Bella paused, she heaved a sigh,
Then turn'd away her glowing cheek,
And hid her face amid the curls
That droop'd around her polish'd brow;
But suddenly she started up,
And, pointing to the parted vines
Where he had enter'd, waved her hand.

"There is that bugle-horn again;
If you would hold my friendship dear,
Retire quickly from this place,
That my excited nerves may rest,
And my composure be regain'd,
Ere grandpa to the vale descends;
Should he this agitation see,
He'd question me, to know the cause.
Then go, kind sir; in pity go;
Do not refuse my small request,
But leave my presence, and—farewell!"

"Adieu! sweet maid," the minstrel said;
"Such pleadings I cannot resist;

But let me touch that lily hand,
And hope again to meet you here."

He hasten'd from the Grapevine Bower,
And disappear'd behind the rocks
Before the shepherd reach'd the glen;
And Bella raised her glistening eyes,
And bent on his receding form
A lengthen'd, almost tearful gaze;
In turning, he had met that glance,
And to his heart it plainly said,
In silent language, "Come again."

Morning.—The Shepherd's Soliloquy.

'Twas morn; and over Caledonia's hills
The golden sun rose clear and beautiful;
And jagged pinnacles of o'erhanging cliffs
Seem'd diamonds, flashing in the gilded rays;
The little flowerets raised their drooping heads
To snatch warm kisses from his burning lips,
And when bright glances met their upturn'd eyes,
Their quivering leaflets shone like glittering pearls;
The spangled dewdrops danced upon the heath,
And rippling streamlet, and meandering rill,
Sang merrily beneath his sparkling beams.

All nature is awake! mankind, and beast,
And insect, too, pursue their daily course,
And each in turn fulfills his destiny.
The antler'd stag up from his covert springs,
And, bounding swiftly o'er the wide morass,
Seeks the lone woods, on branches green to
browse;

The mountain roe darts from the sheltering pines,
And fleetly flies across the grassy mead
To quench her thirst in a far-distant stream,—
The wild deer's spring, pure flowing from the rocks,
In hidden nook, far from the haunts of men;
The lowing cattle snuff'd the scented fields,
Where numerous herds their provender obtain
In the rich pastures, near the amber lakes;[3]
Each peasant chooses his peculiar spot,
And, crook in hand, watches his separate charge,
And moves from place to place, as need requires;
The feather'd songsters shook their dewy wings,
And carol'd forth their matins in the grove;
Industrious bees were humming o'er the same
Monotonous tune their tribes had sung of yore,
While gathering honey from the opening buds
To store away for winter's sustenance;
The painted butterfly, in gaudy dress,
Was seeking juices in the daisy's heart,
When the meek Shepherd of the Hazel Glen,
By easy paths, led forth his bleating flocks,
To crop the fresh grass on Ben Lomond's side.

In thoughtful mood he slowly moved along,

And, when he reach'd a group of birchen trees
That grew and flourish'd there from year to year,
He stopp'd, and lifted gently in his arms
A tender lamb, that, lagging far behind,
Kept up a constant and complaining cry,
And to his bosom hugg'd its trembling form;
Then, sitting down upon the soft greensward,
He smooth'd its snowy coat, and kindly said,—
"Poor little yeanling, cease thy piteous moans;
Thy mother ne'er can come to thee again;
Down in the valley, cold and still, she lies,
All torn and bleeding, by that luckless fall,
By one false step thrown o'er the precipice.
And this lamenting never will awake
The sleep of death; cease, little one—be still;
Though she is gone, thy wants will be supplied!"

James Duncan laid the lambkin at his feet,
And, leaning 'gainst the tree, soliloquized:—

"Alas!" he sigh'd, "how similar their lot!
Yes; my dear Bella, too, is motherless!
An orphan, left in helpless infancy;
The tiny rosebud given to our charge

Has blown into a perfect blooming flower,—
The pride and comfort of our cottage home,
The hope and stay of our declining years;
And she is joyous, happy in our love;
Why, then, intruding, come these feelings sad?
Now painful thoughts possess my troubled mind;
Portentous clouds seem lowering overhead;
Some dread calamity, I fear, involves
Our present welfare, and her future good.
Just Heaven, forefend it! and dispel my gloom.
This wandering bard has spied her lone retreat,
And held communion with my precious charge;
His conversation, yestereven, proves
He is enamor'd of her maiden charms;
And he will come to sue for that fair hand,—
Then, how shall I deny the boon he craves?
My vow is sacred, though he please me well.
A fortnight gone, since first he met me here,
So faint and weary, with my toilsome task,
And watch'd the flocks, while I lay down to rest.
I have enjoy'd his kind companionship;
His bright intelligence and sparkling wit
Has changed the dull monotony around,
So hours, once tedious, now pass swift away.

There's something noble in his lofty step;
There's something truthful in his speaking glance,
And strength and vigor in his active limbs;
There is refinement in his modest mien,
And manly beauty in his stately form;
The uncheck'd laughter, and the deep-toned voice,
And gentle manners, all familiar seem.
But still the features are unknown to me;
When he draws near, the corner of his plaid,
With careless ease, is 'cross his shoulder flung;
His face is half conceal'd amid its folds;
The cap is drawn so closely o'er his brow,
His eyes are shaded with the falling plumes;
And when, with look intent, I notice him,
He, in confusion, turns away his head,
And plays abstractedly upon his harp.

"Yet he reminds me of that sweet spring morn,
As by Loch Lomond's swelling tide I stood,
Contemplating the grandeur of the scene,
When young Lord Ronald, a proud chieftain's son,
And the sole heir of an illustrious line,
(Then a mere stripling,) came to me, and ask'd
The promise of my darling for his bride,

When he, from travel, should return again.
The joyful smile of hope depicted there
Upon his fine, expressive countenance,
Told me that no misgivings fill'd his breast,
For he supposed I quickly would consent,
And pledge my word that Bella should be his;
Such an alliance, for my orphan'd one,
Was not, then, likely would ere come again.
But I refused; yes, sternly I refused
To grant his fair and honorable request;
Then on the bank he knelt, and clasp'd my knees,
And plead with all the eloquence of love;
Then wept, and pray'd, grew angry, and reproach'd,
And, though it grieved me sore, I could not break
The solemn vow I made my dying child.
And when he found his tears avail'd him not,
He ceased his importunities, and left,
With this one sentence ringing in my ears:—
'In after years,' he said, 'I would regret
To leave her, unprotected, to the world;'
And I begin to feel its import now;
For age creeps on apace, my time draws near
The years allotted for the human race;
At night, strange thoughts my needful rest disturb,

A fluttering motion agitates my breast;
I hear the quick pulsations of my heart,
And my excited nerves are drawn so tense
Each throbbing vein thrills like a tighten'd wire.

"But hark! what sound is wafted on the wind?
Like quivering harpstrings, touch'd by skillful hands,
Its soft, low melody, my bosom thrills,
Awakes the slumbering fires of other days,
When I, in boyhood, climb'd the rocky steep,
Ranged o'er the braes and through the flowering vales,
And sung pastoral lays in sweet Tweeddale.
The music ceases, and some one is near;
Now lightsome footsteps bend the rustling grass;
Ah, well I know the lofty, dauntless step
Of highborn Ronald, brave MacCormic's son;
He comes to ask my favor to his suit;
Yes, yes, 'tis he; peace, troubled soul—be calm."

The Shepherd and the Minstrel.

SLOW rose the shepherd from the grassy mound,
And forward stepp'd to meet the advancing youth,
And, gravely smiling, thus saluted him:—

"Heyday, fair sir, you are early on the hills!"
The minstrel bow'd. "Good morrow, friend," he said;
"Why sit you here, in melancholy mood,
Your head bent down in meditation deep,
When such a glorious landscape meets the view;
Above, below, as far as eye can reach,
Is one vast picture, beautiful, sublime;
Then why so pensive, my good father, why?"

"You were the subject of my thoughts, young sir."
The youth look'd up, and smiled complacently.

"Why should you think so seriously of me?
Are you a seer, endow'd with second-sight,

To look into futurity and tell
What will befall your fellow-pilgrims here?
Do not presage me evil, sir, I pray!"

The shepherd sigh'd. "You need not fear, my son;
I am no prophet, and events to come[4]
Cast not their shadows ere the appointed time
For my dim eyes to see. I only feel
That dreams, unpleasant, and the many signs
That I have noticed, late, are boding ill;
An unseen burden weighs my spirits down."

"O sire! let moral suasion calm your fears,
And banish this depression from your mind;
These are the superstitions of the age,
And signs as oft prove false as they prove true.
Then place no confidence in wavering dreams;[5]
They are the morbid actions of the brain;
From various causes they originate;
And sickness, sorrow, and infirmity
Relax the nervous system, and incite
The fever'd mind; and often they are thoughts
Continued when the soothing power of sleep

Has sunk the wearied body to repose,
Wrapp'd up the senses in its warm embrace,
And closed the eyes to sublunary things.
Then blissful visions of the heavenly spheres,
Where love and happiness sit side by side,
Come, like a spell, and lead the wandering mind
Through flowery groves, 'mid scenes of pure delight,
Till, in an ecstacy, we start, and lo!
We are the inmates of an earthly home.
And then, again, we dream of dangers nigh,
Of dreary caverns, and of dismal dens,
Of horrid creatures, and wild beasts of prey;
A weight oppresses, and we gasp for breath,
And, trembling with affright, we wake, to find
It all the dark phantasm of a dream;
But good or evil seldom come of them.
Now, plain philosophy reveals the truth;
And if events, perchance, should coincide,
'T is what oft happens in our waking hours;
We think of some one, and we meet him soon;
And this same theory is evincible;
You thought of me, and quickly I appear'd."

"You reason well, my lad," the old man said;

"And much important knowledge you have gain'd;
But, though it seem a foolish, idle whim,
Yet still I cannot throw aside my fears;
And once, I would have blush'd to think that I
Fear'd aught, save that Almighty power above
Whom all the universe should love and fear;
Then I was in my prime, and happy hearts
Were beating by my cheerful fireside.
But bitter griefs and trials came at length;
Unseen misfortunes follow'd in their track;
And I believed the signs and dreams fulfill'd;
Peace and content came to my home again;
But age increases what despair commenced.
Last night, a favorite ewe fell from the rock,
A bleeding carcase, in the gorge below,
A banquet for the eagle and his mate;
This morning early, ere the tuneful lark
Could catch faint glimpses of the dawning light,
I heard a yell that startled me awake,
And, hastening to the kennel where had slept
My faithful watch-dog, I beheld him there,
In pain and agony, stretch'd on the ground;
He turn'd on me a supplicating look,
Paw'd at my feet, and groaning, breathed his last;

Ere this the vulture's beak has drank his blood.
Some strange fatality now makes me dread
That worse will come to-morrow; who may know
The consequences of a third mishap?
Alas! alas! if Bella is the mark
That Fate's sharp arrow has now singled out,
My o'ercharged heart will burst with hopeless woe."

"These are the common incidents of life;
Be calm, good sire, and list awhile to me,
And I'll relate to you a lovely dream
I had of late: ere I had closed my eyes,
Of pleasant things I had been thinking long;
And, after sleep, my eager, busy thoughts
In the same channel flow'd, and wrought a spell
That wrapp'd my senses in ecstatic bliss
Amid enchanting scenes; so, when I woke,
I almost wish'd it were reality."

"Ah me! your wish is vain, for the result
Will be contrary to the picture seen."
The minstrel laugh'd. "Pardon, my worthy friend.
Indeed, dear sir, you said 'your dreams had been
Literally fulfill'd;' what has transpired

Was the same import, though perhaps you think
The rule at fault that works not either way."

"Well, well, my son, my age must be excused,—
And this new trouble has bewilder'd me;
But now begin, I'll listen to your words."

THE MINSTREL'S DREAM.

I LAID me down to rest, one night,
When starry gems were sparkling bright—
'T was in the rosy month of June;
I watch'd the slowly rising moon,
That, glancing over tree and tower,
Skimm'd o'er the lakes, and kiss'd each flower,
Lighted my chamber with her gleams,
And spread my couch with silver beams.

So still the hour, the zephyr's breath
But faintly stirr'd the purple heath,
So softly through my casement crept,
Scarce moved the arras where I slept;

But sleep had barely closed my eyes
When fairy visions 'gan to rise;
And when, fast lock'd in Somnus' arms,
Morpheus display'd a thousand charms:
The arching skies spread out to view
One broad expanse of azure blue,
Where meteor's flash'd, and brilliant stars
Shot swiftly down, in gilded cars;
A myriad train were scatter'd o'er
The milk-maid's path of fabled lore;
And bright-eyed Venus shone upon
The Pleiades and Orion.

Then, hand in hand, in sylvan glade
I wander'd with a lovely maid,
Of form and face divinely fair,
With tresses of soft waving hair,
That floated round a neck of snow,
O'er rosy cheek and smooth, white brow;
If tufted moss and scented grass
Elastic springs as fairies pass,
So light and airy was her tread
It scarcely bow'd the daisy's head;

We loiter'd in Elysian bowers,
'Mong beds of aramanthine flowers;
Ambrosial sweets, borne on the gale,
Were wafted through the blooming vale.

Beneath a canopy of trees
We paused to taste the balmy breeze,
When such enchanting music burst
From unseen lips, I thought at first
A band of wood-nymphs linger'd near,
Such raptured tones broke on the ear;
So clear and witching was the strain
You'd wish to hear it o'er again;
Breath'd such enthusiastic fire,
You'd think that Orpheus tuned the lyre;
And then it changed so soft and low,
Seraphic measures seem'd to flow
From heavenly choirs; so sweet the voice,
It made the bounding heart rejoice.

Could spirits bright, with unseen wings,
Have swept the harp's harmonious strings,
Till realms of light prolong'd the strain,
And echoed back the notes again?

In mute surprise, entranced we stood,
Gazing toward the shady wood,
As if we thought to see alight
Some glorious figure, robed in white;
Sudden the music ceased, and then
A solemn hush reign'd through the glen;
I look'd in my companion's face,
And pointed to a resting-place;
Then, seated 'neath a branching oak,
I first the spell-like silence broke;
Her hand I took, and softly said,—
"I love thee as my life, sweet maid;
Wilt thou but plight thy troth to me,
I'll never part, dear one, from thee,
But cherish thee for years to come;
Say, wilt thou share the minstrel's home?
For holy truth and perfect love
Are register'd in courts above."

She timidly look'd up; a blush
O'erspread her cheek, but crimson flush
Soon turn'd, as snow-white lily pale,
That blossoms in the hawthorn vale;

Deep from her bosom came a sigh,
She wiped a tear-drop from her eye:
"Alas!" she said, with faltering tongue,
While I upon its import hung,
"'Tis hopeless love, for Fate's decree
Has widely sever'd thee and me;
But ere we bid adieu, I'll tell
That from the first I've loved thee well."

"Oh speak not thus, beloved," I cried,
And sank, despairing, by her side,
Then pour'd forth such impassion'd themes
As lovers only find in dreams;
And, kneeling there, I vow'd that I
Would win her for my bride, or die.

"Rise," said a voice; "thy magic words
Have touch'd my heart's mysterious chords;
My faith I pledge; this hand of mine
Is ever and forever thine."

As busy bees, on Hyblas' hill,
The dewy sweets from thyme distill,
Or nectar sip from blooming bank,
So I the honey'd accents drank;

A moment stood, entranced in bliss,
Then seal'd the compact with a kiss,
And, with it glowing on my lips,
My eyes awaked from their eclipse,
And starting up, the dawn to view,
Regretted that 't was all untrue.

The minstrel ceased, and turn'd away, abash'd,
That he had told his simple tale of love,
In such enthusiastic strains, to one
Who could not sympathize with him, perhaps;
But ah! he did not know the shepherd's heart;
Although his eyes were dim, his locks grown gray,
His feelings still were warm, for memory
Had oft flown back, upon its gossamer wings,
To years gone by, when, in his early youth,
He wooed and won the maiden of his choice.

"And this is all a dream," the old man said,
"Although it savors of reality?
I doubt not but your mind is running on
In the same course sleep found it yesternight."

"You're a shrewd guesser, sir," the youth replied;

"And since you thus have look'd into my thoughts,
I'll tell the secret that has brought me here:
But two days since I rambled through the glen,
And musing, stood beside the King Bird's Fount;
I heard a voice of sweetest symphony,
And turn'd my head, to listen whence it came,
Then leap'd the stream, and hurried toward the sound,
And saw a wood-nymph in a Grapevine Bower."

The shepherd sigh'd. "I know it all," he said;
"I saw you turn the angle of the rocks
As I descended on the other side;
To meet me, Bella came not, as her wont,
But sat in silence, with her eyes cast down,
And when I spoke, she started up alarm'd,
And blush'd so deeply, that neck, cheeks, and brow
At once partook of the bright crimson tinge,
And, quick as lightning, I divined the cause."

"Then hear me, sire! I dearly love the maid;
I came to ask the promise of her hand;
I'll cherish and protect her with my life,
And guard her safely as a precious gem;

She shall want nothing, though I would not boast;
But all that wealth and honor can bestow
I'll bring, to spread new pleasures round her home;
With her the future is a pleasant path,
Without her, life will be a barren waste."

"I cannot grant it; 'gainst that little word—
That to your keeping would give up my charge—
My lips are seal'd; I may not give consent.
This is the trouble that has come of late,—
I knew at first it was your errand here."

He rose, and slowly led the waiting flocks
To the fresh pastures, on the western side;
The minstrel follow'd in his steps, and mused:—

"A blank refusal; I would know the cause.
Though deep in earth is Etna's burning pit,
Yet from its crater shoot the red-hot stones
That terrify and set the world agape;
So I this hidden mystery must know:
I'll fathom the recesses of his heart,
And find the secret that, corroding there,
Destroys his peace with its consuming fires,

Which, like a fierce volcano, may burst forth,
And overwhelm him with its lava-tide.
I thought it all imaginary ill,
But I am curious now to know the truth,
And rouse my sympathies in his behalf;
I cannot let it prey upon his mind;
I'll probe it gently to the bottom, thus."
And when the shepherd stopp'd, he spoke aloud,—

"What is the obstacle," he kindly said,
"That bars my union with your grandchild fair?
Some mystic sorrow burdens you, I see;
Tell it to me, and you will find relief."

James Duncan heeded not the words at first,
But hurried onward, with a rapid step,
Then stood, as if absorb'd in thought, awhile,
And, beckoning the minstrel to approach,
Thus gave his stifled feelings utterance.

"I never yet have told my tale of woe,
But in my bosom kept it closely hid;
And, as necessity demands the key,
I must the careworn casket now unlock

That has contain'd my solemn vow so long;
The time has come to ease my mind of it;
Then sit you down, and lend your ears to me;
But if, perchance, you weary of its length,
You must remember, 't is your own request."

The flocks were straying from the path afar;
He blew his horn to call them closer round,
Then, in a husky voice, he thus began,—

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

"I HAD a daughter once, a blooming child,
So fair and beautiful; her merry laugh
Rang like glad music through our cottage-home;
Her doating mother's pride, my darling joy,
She, blithe and happy, bounded o'er the green,
Roam'd o'er the heathy braes and through the fields,
And pluck'd the golden broom on mountain side,
Or gather'd bluebells in the Hazel Glen;
She climb'd the grassy hills in childish glee,
And skipp'd and frolick'd with the playful lambs;

Then, when grown weary of this active life,
She sought amusement in domestic scenes,
And habits of industry acquired; then
The quiet teacher of the village-school,
In various branches, his instructions gave.
Her mother knew the worth of literature;
She, in her early youth, had studied o'er
The ponderous tomes of ancient history;
Her mind was stored with knowledge, and she knew
The power and beauty of religious truth,
And taught its precepts and its principles
Unto her daughter; thus, my Jennie grew
Cheerful and sprightly toward womanhood,
Beloved by all the peasantry around,
Esteem'd and courted by the gentry, too,
Who oft held festival within the town.

"When on a visit to a friend, she met
Sir Edward Cameron, a belted knight
And courteous gentleman, accomplish'd, learn'd,
Of noble parentage and honor'd name.
Well versed was he in legendary lore;
He pictured such enchanting scenes, and pour'd
A flood of romance in her listening ears,

Their short acquaintance soon to friendship grew,
And quickly kindled to a warmer flame.
His winning smiles and soft persuasive voice
Had won her confidence and stole her heart;
Their mutual troth was plighted, and I gave
My free consent, not thinking that the knot
That true love weaves could be dissolved in tears."

The shepherd paused,—and pointed with his crook
Beyond the granite cliff, where Stirling's towers
And walls and battlements of castles gray
Shone, in the morning sun, like molten gold.

"Yon lordly mansion, where the pennons wave,
With its carved marble front and gilded spires,
Was once my daughter's home; a blushing bride,
In joyous innocence, she trustingly
Went to the bright abode of him she loved,
And left the cottage, where her early youth
And childhood's hours had pass'd so peacefully.
None of his kindred to the wedding came;
He wish'd a private marriage, for, he said,
He would surprise them with his bonny wife,

The modest, blooming, beauteous flower,
That he had found down in the Hazel Glen.

"His father and his brother were away,
Gone, as Crusaders, to the Holy Land,
And joined the warfare with the infidels;
Three years of happiness had scarce gone by
When the sad tidings came from Palestine
Of toilsome siege and bloody battles fought;
Brave knights had fallen on the sanguine field,
And the young Earl of Cameron was slain
In a fierce conflict with the Saracens.
Although the Red Cross conquer'd in the end,
And Christian banners floated on the walls,
And flags were planted on their heathen fanes,
Yet Europe mourn'd for her heroic sons
Who gave their lives a willing sacrifice
To free the land, that gave the Saviour birth,
From idol worship, and restore again
The perfect truth of God's most holy word;
To sound the gospel trumpet from afar,
And bring salvation to benighted souls.
Awhile this turmoil ceased. But to my tale:
The elder Cameron at length arrived;

'Twas on a bright midsummer afternoon,
My daughter sat, her husband by her side,
Watching the motions of their prattling child,
Who walk'd from place to place with tottering steps,
When suddenly the oaken doors swung back,
And a tall figure strode into the room,—
A stalwart knight, all soil'd and travel-stain'd,—
From head to foot in heavy armor clad;
The little Lida, screaming with affright,
Clung to her nurse, who from the scene withdrew,
While Jennie timidly shrunk in the shade.

"Sir Edward gazed, in undisguised surprise,
Upon the stranger, who, with helm unclasp'd,
And vizor up, display'd the features bold
Of one well known to him. He forward sprang,
And clasp'd the mail'd form in his close embrace,
Wept on his neck, and kiss'd his care-worn cheek,
And gave him kindly greeting. 'Twas his sire,
Who, after his five years of pilgrimage,
Had now come back to tread his native soil,
And end his days in his ancestral home.

"Next day he enter'd with a scowling look,
And in severe, harsh tones, abruptly spoke.
'Who is your wedded wife, my son?' he ask'd;
'Your letters said, the lady of your choice
Would not dishonor your illustrious line;
Tell me her lineage. I have never seen,
Nor recollect that we have met before.
Is she a chieftain's daughter, or the child
Of some dear friend of mine of royal blood,
Or fellow-soldier on the field of fame?
I have heard rumors that displease me much;
Now answer plainly, and relieve my mind.'

"Trembling, in mute dismay, Sir Edward stood,
And Jennie started at his austere frown.
'What means this consternation?' he exclaim'd;
'Now, by my knighthood, there is treachery here!
Is she of plebeian birth, and have you dared
To couple with the name of Cameron
One so ignobly born? False-hearted boy!
You shall divulge the secret; on your life
I bid you speak, or my displeasure rue.'

"Edward now shiver'd like an aspen leaf;
He knew the worst; his father's will was law;
A stern, unbending, haughty man was he,
Whose better nature was eclipsed in pride.
Jennie had sunk, half fainting, in his arms,
And, while supporting her, he mildly said,—
'Be calm, my lord, and her crush'd feelings spare;
Such worth and beauty well may plead for her.
Her mother was an English lady born,
Her father is an honest, upright man,
Known as the Shepherd of the Hazel Glen:
We ask your blessing, and forgiveness crave.'

"'A peasant's daughter!' hiss'd Lord Cameron;
'One of my race to wed a shepherdess!
This ill-starr'd union shall be dissolved,
Or you shall ne'er inherit these broad lands;
Your brother's title shall not grace your brow,
And naught that I possess descend to you,
Unless you marry with the Lady Blanche,
So long betrothed to my brave, noble son,
Whose name with yours deserves not to be link'd;
Think not to move me, base, deceiving one:
Divorce this woman, or my vengeance meet.'

"In furious rage he raised his clenched hand,
And pour'd forth bitter epithets on his son,
Who, vainly pleading, sunk upon his knees,
With Jennie, now unconscious, in his arms.
In all the majesty of injured pride
The stately earl retired, with angry frown,
And paced the sculptured hall with rapid strides,
Until his wrath was spent,—then left the house.

"As time pass'd on, poor Jennie's hopes grew strong
That when this burst of passion had blown o'er
He would relent, and peace would be restored;
And though the sting of sorrow touch'd her heart,
She strove to hide it with a smiling face.
Her husband, too, wept and implored; but no,
The ruthless Cameron was still unmoved.
At length Sir Edward yielded to his wish,
To wed the heiress of the great Monteith,
And, for an earldom, sacrificed the life
Of one that he had promised to protect.
Those of his kin that welcomed her at first
Now urged the suit to break the marriage-vow;
And when the deed of separation came,

Her broken spirit sunk beneath the stroke;
She bade farewell forever to the spot
Where she had pass'd a few short years of bliss.
She went from us a gay and happy bride,
She came again, the victim of despair;
With the soft glow of health, like opening rose,
She left her home, but she return'd to us
With wasting form, as drooping lily pale.

"Two children now required her watchful care,
A tender infant one; but ample means
Would be provided for them year by year,
Though I would still have toil'd for their support.
But troubles came not singly: ere the moon
Of bright October waned, a message came,
And call'd sweet Lida from this vale of tears;
She watch'd beside her dying bed awhile,
Then laid her first-born in the silent tomb;
She seldom smiled again, but weaker grew,
And faded daily like a blighted flower."

In silence now the shepherd some time sat,
Then call'd his flocks along the shady side,
And thus again pursued his story sad:—

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE—CONTINUED.

"When wintry winds were blowing cold and bleak,
And through the forest's naked branches howl'd,
Like beasts of prey to hunger's torments driven;
When darkening clouds obscured the noonday sun,
And drifting snow-flakes danced upon the hills,
Or spread their ermine mantles o'er the lawns;
When frosty vapors clogg'd the atmosphere,
Whose icy breath pierced every fibre through,
And chill'd the circling current of the blood,
Benumb'd and stiffen'd the once active limbs,—
She was consuming in the fever'd glow
That stern disease distills through every vein.

"Daily she languish'd on a bed of pain;
The hectic flush had deepen'd on her cheek,
The fragile form was wasting fast away;
And yet she murmur'd not at Heaven's decree,
But kiss'd the rod that chasten'd her so sore,
Forgave the authors of her misery,
And ask'd a blessing on the false one's head
Who had forsaken her for wealth and rank,

The pomp and splendor of a titled name;
She blamed him not, she utter'd no reproach,
But truly loved him to her latest hour.

"So when the genial spring return'd again,
And gentle breezes o'er earth's bosom stole
To warm the depths where vegetation springs;
When field and grove look'd green and beautiful,
And little blossoms peep'd along the hedge;
When songsters carol'd blithely in the trees,
And sunbeams waked the insects into life,—
Then she grew cold as marble, and as pale;
An icy hand was resting on her brow;
The messenger of death approach'd her couch
And whisper'd the low summons in her ear:
She bow'd, submissive, to the final stroke,
To all terrestrial things then bade adieu
Just as the golden sun went down to rest
Behind the western hills; she sweetly smiled,
And meekly trusting in a Saviour's love,
She laid her head upon his breast, and died."

His voice grew tremulous; the old man paused;
Tears that had glimmer'd in his mild blue eyes

Were streaming now adown his furrow'd cheeks;
He rose, and heavily lean'd on his crook,
Then, trembling, sunk upon the tufted green.
The minstrel, too, was weeping by his side,
For this pathetic tale of suffering
Had waken'd up his sympathies, and now
He clasp'd the nerveless arm, and sobb'd with him.

At length the shepherd calm'd his bitter grief,
Brush'd back the hoary locks, and wiped his brow,—
"I had not thought to be so moved," he said;
"'Tis foolish thus to ope the wounds again
Long years have heal'd, and make them bleed afresh;
This weakness I will banish, and resume
The simple narrative that I commenced:—

"We laid her sadly in the chosen spot
She had selected for her last repose,
Beside the little one that slumber'd there,—
Where she had loved to sit in happier days,
Close by a brooklet in the bluebell grove;

The mourning cypress sweeps above her head,
And at the foot the weeping-willow waves;
'Plant them,' she said, 'beside my narrow bed,
And let them droop upon my early grave
As pitying emblems of life's sorrows.'

"She died, and left to our protecting care
Her tender babe; a year had barely pass'd
Since she was usher'd in this changing world
A smiling cherub, with bright, sparkling eyes,
And silky ringlets playing on her neck;
Spotless and pure, unconscious of her wrongs,
She scarcely felt a mother's doating love,
She never knew a father's watchful care;
The only parents she has ever known
Have been myself, and Agnes, my good dame;
And faithfully we've striven to fulfill
The promise given to our injured child.
She press'd her lips upon the smooth, fair brow,
And clasp'd her closely to her throbbing breast,
And wept and pray'd alternate, as she said,—

"'I leave my precious Bella to your charge;
Oh, guard her safely with your fostering arms,

And, should she reach the age of womanhood,
Let her not know that she is nobly born;
Do not divulge the secret of my woes,
Nor the cold heartlessness and deeds of those
Alien to her, though bound by kindred ties;
Still let her dwell in this obscurity,
Far from the noise and tumult of a town,
Like the sweet plants that spring in hidden paths,
That bloom and fade, and then, unnoticed, die,
Wafting their fragrance through the Hazel Glen;
Better, far better, live unseen, unknown,
Than 'mid the giddy pleasures of a court,
And bear the pangs of unrequited love.
Should she, in after years, grow discontent,
Pine for the friendships of society,
Then tell the mournful story of the wrongs
That brought me prematurely to the grave;
If she reveres a mother's memory,
She will not soon forget my last advice,
But flee the poison of a flattering tongue,
And shun the thorny path to titled wealth
That oft conceals, beneath a satin robe,
The sting of conscience and a breaking heart,
Treading, with spirits crush'd, the halls of pride,

Then fall a victim to the worm, remorse,
That saps the life and preys upon the mind.
God grant that she such sorrow may not know,
Or feel the bitterness of unkind words!
May she find happiness in social joys,
The sweet companionship of trusting hearts,
And then, when done with all the scenes of life,
May Heaven bless and guard her safely home!' "

The old man groan'd. "Yes, Jennie, thou art gone;
Poor blighted one, thy sufferings are o'er,
And thy dear offspring fills the vacancy;
We cherish'd her in childhood's sunny hours,
Watch'd o'er her in youth's soft opening bloom;
For our paternal guardianship and care
She doubly pays us with her loving smiles:
Gentle and amiable, kind and beautiful,
So fair and graceful, like her mother grown,
Both form and mind the counterpart of hers,
Our daughter seems in her again to live;
And yet the soul-lit, large, expressive eyes,
Will still remind me of the Camerons.

"She never yet has ask'd the reason why
She thus is kept secluded from the world,
But is contented with her humble lot;
Blithe as the lark that sings at early dawn,
And happy as the little frisking lambs,
The tender bud we shelter'd with our arms
Is the same blossom you beheld erewhile;
And thus I've striven faithfully to hide
Her faultless beauty from the eye of man."

The minstrel sigh'd. "'Tis very hard," he said,
"That parents should exact such promises
From those who are both near and dear to them,
And thus imbitter all their future life,
Because they were unfortunate themselves."

"'Tis true, my lad, but now my word is pledged,
And shall be sacred, while she cheerfully
Can pass her time; yet if the like request
Again were made, I would not give consent,
For it oft genders misery and reproach.
Once I refused her to a noble youth;
One day, while rambling through the Hazel Glen,
He caught faint glimpses of a sylph-like form,

And thought he saw the queen of fairies, sure,
Or some bright spirit from the world above ;
But the delusion vanish'd soon away,
For, unperceived, he follow'd in her path,
And saw her enter mortal domicile ;
He went to foreign parts five years agone,
To drown his sorrow in the bustling crowd.
Perhaps his boyish passion soon grew cool,
And, 'mid the scenes of revelry, forgot
That ever such a being cross'd his path."

The shepherd turn'd, and cast a sidelong glance
To see what change this declaration made
Upon his auditor, who, off his guard,
Had brush'd the light plumes from his open brow,
And from his arm let drop the tartan plaid.

"Forgotten!" cried the youth, vehemently;
"Forgotten—no! Could any one forget,
If once he look'd upon that angel face,
And heard that seraph voice? Her image still
Would be a beacon-light to cheer his way,
And years of trial, suffering, and toil,
Could not efface it from his memory."

"You speak, fair sir, in earnest, and mayhap
The like experience has befallen you.
But see, the thirsty sheep are gathering round,
Tired, and panting for the cooling shade
Beneath the cliffs, beside the running stream.
It is high noon, and I must haste away.
Farewell! and let me beg you ne'er again
Will seek my grandchild in her Grapevine Bower."

Gone was the shepherd and his bleating flocks;
And prone upon the grass the minstrel lay,
With heaving chest, disconsolate and sad;
At length he rose, and wiped his humid eyes,
And tuned his harp to melancholy song.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

Oh why should I to sadness wake thy notes,
Thou dear companion of my wanderings?
Around me now what plaintive music floats,
Whene'er my fingers touch thy magic strings!

I may not seek the shepherd's lowly cot,
And pour, to listening ears, harmonious strain;
No more I'll linger near that hallow'd spot,
And watch, to see that lovely form again.

Then come, auspicious hope, thy soothing power
A peaceful calm can o'er the mourner shed;
Dispel despair, and in a blissful shower
Distill true happiness upon my head.

The Gathering Storm.

Apollo, in meridian pride,
Was glancing o'er the tall pine wood,
When on the sloping mountain side
The minstrel sat, in pensive mood.
Around his feet the heather blooms,
Across his arm the harp is hung,
His Highland bonnet, with its plumes,
Upon the bank is careless flung;
His countenance is sad, depress'd,
Grief has bedimm'd the lustrous eye,
And the loose mantle on his breast
Is heaved with each successive sigh.

But lo! the sun has veil'd his face,
Which suddenly o'er nature flings
A gloom, that shifts from place to place,
As storm-clouds spread their sable wings.
He hears a distant bugle-horn,
And turns to catch the mournful strain;

Whence are those deep-mouth'd echoes borne?
Come they from hill, or grove, or plain?
He listens with attentive ear,
Then clambers up the rugged steep,
And soon he finds the shepherd near,
Descending with the scatter'd sheep.

In tones of anguish now he cries,
While pointing to the vault above,
"Behold, my son, the angry skies!
May God protect us with his love!
The clouds are gathering thick and dark,
The hills, the vales, the forests o'er;
The vivid lightnings flash; and hark!
How awfully the thunders roar!
It reverberates from rock to rock,
The solid earth's foundations shake;
My unstrung nerves receive the shock,
And trembling nature seems to quake.

"It settles on Ben Lomond's head;
And soon will burst the beating rain
That undermines the valley bed,
And overwhelms the grassy plain.

Then hasten to the Grapevine Bower;
There Bella sits, in terror wild;
Oh, save her from the storm-king's power,—
In mercy, save my stricken child!
To bring me food she daily comes,
And waits the signal horn to hear;
Then bear her to my cottage home,
And satisfy her anxious fear.

"When the fierce elements contend
She mutely sits in silent dread,
And crouching down, will lower bend
With every crashing bolt o'erhead.
Your feet are nimble, and your arm
Is stronger, firmer, far than mine,
In danger's hour to shield from harm,
Still trusting in the hand Divine.
Think not of me, but onward speed;
Although my limbs are weak and old,
I yet my timid flocks can lead,
And shut them safely in the fold.

"The angry winds are raging wild
Above poor Bella's shrinking form;

Dame Agnes trembles for her child;
To save her she will brave the storm.
Go, ere the heavy rains descend,
And bear her safely to my cot;
I'll name you as my dearest friend,—
Your kindness ne'er will be forgot.
Yes, yes; I grant the boon you crave;
For her dear life I'll break my vow,
If from impending harm you save,
The maid is yours; God speed you now."

The eager minstrel heard no more,
But darted down the mountain side,
The stunted brushwood leaping o'er,
Beheld Loch Lomond's swelling tide.
The shepherd follow'd with his sheep,
As sombre skies still darker grew;
But, ere he gain'd the rocky steep,
The youthful bard was lost to view;
He leap'd the cliff, and cross'd the streams,
Scaring the moor-fowl in the fen,
And sought the goddess of his dreams
Amid the shades of Hazel Glen.

Now down the rain in torrents pour'd;
To shelter fled the startled hare;
The eagle toward her eyrie soar'd,
And with her screaming rent the air.
He enter'd now the Grapevine Bower,
Where Bella, with her head inclined,
Sat, like a pale and drooping flower
That stoops to 'scape the searching wind.
Now heavy peals the stout oak shook,
And fitful lightnings spread alarms;
She raised her eyes with pleading look,
And sunk, unconscious, in his arms.

With rapid feet he swiftly bore
His fainting burden through the wood;
And when he reach'd the cottage door,
Panting, with breathless haste, he stood.
Approaching steps Dame Agnes hears,
And soon the portal wide is flung;
Her furrow'd cheeks are met with tears,
As o'er the maiden's couch she hung.
She wakes, and smiles, then lifts her eyes,
O'er which the fringed lashes droop,

For there the minstrel she espies;
The shepherd, too, has join'd the group.

His family and welcome guest
Now gather round the humble board,
Rejoiced to reach that place of rest,
Where peace and safety are restored.

The Happy Lovers.

On Loch Lomond the sunbeams play,
Just on the verge of parting day,
Then, like bright visions, fade away;
Sol's smiling face ne'er wears a frown,—
He lays aside his glittering crown,
In regal splendor then lies down,
While purple tints with crimson vies,
And golden streaks, bedazzling dyes,
Spread o'er the glowing western skies.

You need not raise your head to view,—
'Tis pictured in the waters blue;
Reflection is to Nature true;
For herbage green, on mountain side,
The snowy flocks, the peasant guide,
Are seen in the transparent tide.
The bright rays darting from on high,

Danced on the waters rolling by,
Like stars upon the midnight sky;
These gorgeous hues will quickly fade,
And then give place to twilight's shade
That silent steals along the glade.
But see! the moon, with silver beam,
Is dancing on the crystal stream,
While meteors round her pathway gleam;
The starry train are sparkling bright,
And shine, like gems, with lustrous light,
As if to guard the queen of night.

The minstrel's skiff is on the tide,
The lovely maid sits by his side,
As smoothly o'er the waves they glide.
"Oh take the lute," he softly said,
"And sing of love and hope, sweet maid."
The blushing fair one droops her head;
Ah! now she gives a sudden start,
For errant Cupid's pointed dart
Has deeply pierced her fluttering heart;
She had not felt his power, forsooth,
Ere she had known the handsome youth;
But crimson cheek now tells the truth.

"Nay, nay;" she breathed, in accents low,
"The harp is sweeter far, you know,
As down the ebbing tide we go;
Then touch for me its quivering strings,
Ere deepening night, with sable wings,
Dark shadows on the water flings;
Sing of yon brilliant vesper star
Now riding in her gilded car,
And glancing o'er the hills afar."

"Dear one!" he cried, "'t is mine to please:
Now softly blows the evening breeze,
It scarcely stirs the tall fir-trees;
I'll steer to yonder shady isle,
There, resting 'neath that beaming smile,
I'll woo Euterpe's* muse awhile;
To wake my harp's soft minstrelsy
A pleasant task will ever be,
While I that happy face may see."

Then leaning on the slender oar,
The gentle current slowly bore
The light skiff toward the pebbly shore;

* Muse of music.

Her sides are wash'd with foamy spray,
But naught impedes her onward way,
As thus the youth commenced his lay:—

THE BOAT SONG.

THOUGH dearly I love
Through the fields to rove,
And gather fresh wild-flowers
In the month of June,
When the silver moon
Looks down through the leafy bowers;—

Though sweet is the rose
When its leaves unclose,
And fair the lilies are;
'T is sweeter to glide
O'er the rippling tide
By the light of the Vesper Star.

Though I love to hear,
When 't is calm and clear,
The boundless ocean's roar;

Yet dearer to me
Is the boatman's glee,
And the sound of his dashing oar.

Though I love to gaze
On the moon's pale rays,
Yet better to me by far
'T is to launch my bark
On the waters dark,
By the light of the Vesper Star.

Though the sun shines bright,
When his dazzling light
Is tinging the mountain's crest,
And his varying dye
Bespangles the sky,
As he sinks in the rosy West;—

Though I love to ride
By the greenwood side,
'T is dearer to me by far
On the stream to float,
In my bony boat,
By the light of the Vesper Star.

The voice was hush'd, and mute the strain
That echo waked from rock and plain:
In thoughtful silence sat the twain.
"Beloved!" ere long, the minstrel cried,
"Oh, could our life as smoothly glide
As floats our shallop down the tide,
What untold happiness is mine
While lingering in that smile of thine!
When far away, for thee I'll pine,
For I must bid adieu to-night;
A month will wing its rapid flight
Ere I again dwell in its light;
My distant home I soon must seek;
Let not these tears bedew thy cheek,
Nor thy true heart unwilling speak."

The maiden lifts her glistening eyes,—
"Dear Rosengræme," she fondly cries,
"When with you, time too swiftly flies,
But slow he steps when you are gone;
I'll count the hours when left alone;
Oh would they had already flown!
But I submit; when far away,

I'll hail with joy each new-born day,
And watch the sun's departing ray;
I will not weep, though feelings strong
Gush to my heart, but sing this song
As pleasantly we glide along:—

"FORGET ME NOT.

"FORGET me not, though far away
O'er other climes you roam;
Remember me, when sunny hours
Gleam round thy native home;
E'en though you quit the happy spot,
The place of youthful joys forgot,
'Mid changing scenes forget me not.
E'en in crowded city halls,
No bliss these ties should sever;
Or blight the heart to friendship warm,—
The charm should live forever."

"Forget thee, dearest! not while life,
With highest aspirations rife,
Upholds me 'mid its toil and strife;

To clasp again this fairy hand
I'd dangers brave in foreign land.
But see! our boat has reach'd the strand."

The 'raptured minstrel said no more,
But, lifting clear the dripping oar,
Sprang lightly on the pebbly shore;
And, safely moor'd within the bay,
The little shallop quiet lay,
As homeward they pursued their way.
When near the shepherd's lowly cot
They linger'd by that halcyon spot,
And breathed, in turn, "forget me not;"
The moonlit path, with sparkling dew,
Shone brightly, as these lovers true,
In faith and hope, now bade adieu.

Bluebell Grove.

'T is summer, and the golden grain
Waves lightly on the level plain,
While through the Lowlands, far away,
Are scatter'd heaps of new-mown hay;
O'er blooming mead and pastured hill
The lowing herds now roam at will;
And sprinkled through the vale below
Lay flocks, with fleeces white as snow;
And, far beyond the whole, look'd down
The turrets of a distant town.

This picturesque imposing scene
Inclosed a spot of softer green;
For brightly shone the skies above
The hallow'd walks of Bluebell Grove.
The noon is past, the day declines,
Less powerful Apollo shines;
And now a cool, refreshing breeze
Is rustleing the wide-spread trees,

Where feather'd songsters plume the wing,
And in the thickets sweetly sing.

Here, 'neath the shadow of a tree,
Sat Bella Duncan musingly;
From place to place her thoughts had flown,
But they embodied one alone:
The youth, who, near the noontide hour,
First enter'd her romantic bower;
And then she sees the manly form
That bore her safely through the storm;
And now her swift thoughts calmly glide
With him on clear Loch Lomond's tide;
And there he bade a sad farewell,
'Mid scenes remote awhile to dwell;
'T was duty call'd, and he must stay
Till one short month had pass'd away,
And she has counted each long day.
The time appointed has drawn near,
And her beloved does not appear;
What if untrue, he there remain,
And they should never meet again!
She half suppress'd the rising sigh,
And raised her troubled thoughts on high;

Then offer'd up a fervent prayer
That she might still his favor share,
And both receive a Saviour's care.

Now strains of music, soft and clear,
Fall on her eager listening ear;
The notes with pleasure thrill her heart,
And cause her from her seat to start;
She look'd adown the greenwood side,
And there her truant minstrel spied,
With nodding plumes and plaided vest,
And light scarf waving on his breast;
While searching eye glanced through the glade,
His fingers o'er the harpstrings play'd:—

THE ACORN DELL.

"In the Acorn Dell I love to roam—
It is the gray squirrel's native home,
And here the thrush and bluebird come;
Here grows the bright harebell;
Upon the banks wild-roses bloom,
And daisies waft a rich perfume
Across the Acorn Dell.

"A balmy fragrance round me floats;
Here robins swell their quivering throats,
And carol their soft warbling notes
That soothe like magic spell;
The music, borne upon the gale,
And echo'd from the distant vale,
Rings through the Acorn Dell.

"Recumbent on the grass I lay,
To watch the little squirrels play,
When leaping forth from spray to spray;
But when a chestnut fell,
The mossy slope they scamper'd down,
And searched among the leaves so brown,
Deep in the Acorn Dell.

"Then, dearest Bella, come with me,
And sit beneath this great oak-tree,
To list the humming of the bee
Within her waxen cell;
I'll twine for thee a woodbine bower,
And bind thy brow with each sweet flower
That decks the Acorn Dell."

He ceased, and quick survey'd the scene,
Then nimbly bounded o'er the green,
For through yon clump of holly-trees
A fluttering robe of white he sees;
To meet him now she forward springs,
And, clasp'd in his embrace, still clings
Close to his strong protecting arm,
And stood like one wrapp'd in a charm.

He said, "How long and heavily
The time has pass'd, dear one, from thee;
In haste I sought my bonny flower,
First in her clustering Grapevine Bower,
Then hurried to the rocky mount
To meet you by the King Bird's Fount,
But disappointed, traced again
My steps toward the Hazel Glen;
Then to the shepherd's cot I turn'd,
And of Dame Agnes simply learn'd
That you had gone alone to rove,
In pensive mood, through Bluebell Grove.
Now I have found you in the way,
Come, let us by the meadows stray."

He took her hand, and slowly led
Along the winding valley bed,
Till opening on the fresh moorside,
With stream and wood diversified,
Display'd a prospect, rich and grand,
As any in fair Scotia's land;
To give the view a wider scope
They clamber'd up an easy slope;
When gain'd the summit of the hill,
In rapt amazement both stood still.

"How beautiful!" the maiden cried,
While fondly pressing to his side;
"How beautiful the sunbeams play
Around this spot, at close of day!
See now the purling, limpid streams
Are sparkling with a thousand gleams;
And yonder isolated spire
Is glowing like a brand of fire;
While mountain tops, and trees unfold
A canopy of waving gold!
Amid this quiet, pleasing scene,
I pass'd my childhood's days serene,
Nor deem'd the landscape ere could be
So lovely, until view'd with thee."

Beneath them now was plainly seen
A little plot of tufted green,
Where fragrant plants were wont to bloom,
And creep about a narrow tomb;
Its boughs the mourning cypress waved,
And there the weeping-willow laved
Its drooping branches in the pool,
As if its shrivel'd leaves to cool.

With reverence she look'd around,
And pointed to the grassy mound,
Then turn'd her to the shady wood,
And, trembling with emotion, stood;
The minstrel mark'd the sudden change
That shook her frame, and thought it strange.

She said, and wiped her glistening eyes,—
"In yonder grove my mother lies;
The only sadness that I know,
Is when I'm here,—then tears will flow.
Oft I have wander'd there alone,
And sat upon the mossy stone,
To think of her, who calmly sleeps,
While o'er her bed the night-dew weeps,
And one pale star its vigil keeps.

The deepest grief I ever felt
Was when I on that green grave knelt,
And wept for one unknown to me,
Who slumber'd 'neath the deep-blue sea:
My father! whose poor orphan'd child
Had never look'd on him and smiled;
For Bella Duncan may not claim
A right to know that parent's name."

Her passive hand the minstrel took,
And led down where a murmuring brook
Ran slowly through the heathery brae,
Rippling along its curving way;
When seated on the grassy bank,
Before her, on his knees, he sank,
And, in impassion'd tones, he said,—
"Look up, and weep not, dearest maid.
Oh mind it not, my gentle dove,
Sole object of my fervent love;
Let not the thoughts of long ago
Now bid the tears of sorrow flow.
An honor'd name I offer thee,—
Wilt thou accept the boon of me?
I'll ever be thy constant guide,—
Say, wilt thou be the Minstrel's Bride?"

She blush'd and sigh'd, then softly said,—
"Thine, ever thine, till life has fled;
My troth is plighted, and my heart
Shall beat for thee though we should part.
This hour of bliss, dear Rosengræme,
This happiness, is like a dream;
Oft in my fancy I have wrought
A paradise—a world of thought—
Where such transcendent splendor roll'd,
Outdazzling all of mortal mould,
To which a glorious charm was given;
It seem'd but one short step from heaven:
A fairy spot, a sylvan home,
Where no intruding winds might come
To mar the harmony and love
That reign'd in this enchanted grove;
Where harmless creatures seem'd to dwell,
Inwrapp'd in some entrancing spell,
To loiter in those rosy bowers,
And gather never-fading flowers.
But such a scene of beauty rare
Is not for mortal forms to share;
I scarcely felt the soothing balm
Of this absorbing peaceful calm,

When fair Aurora's curtains bright
Roll'd o'er the darksome folds of night,
And usher'd in the dawning light;
This sprightly goddess of the morn
Waked up the dayspring's eldest-born,
Then sunbeams through my casement shone,
And my ideal realm was gone;
But it is now restored to me
While roving this dear glen with thee."

"Ay; but our love," said Rosengræme,
"Will not all vanish like a dream;
For while upon this turf I stand,
Holding in mine thy fairy hand,
As pledge of faith I kiss thy brow,
And never break this solemn vow.
Though years on years should roll away,
I'll ne'er forget this happy day,
And its remembrance still will be
Sweet as the honeycomb to me;
I'd give to thee my dying breath,
And clasp thee in the arms of death.

"Though eve her gloaming shadow flings,
I would that Time could clip his wings,

And fly less swiftly o'er our track,
Or call the sinking daybeams back,
That we our rambles might prolong,
And Cupid woo, with harp and song,
Then from yon eminence to view
Apollo bid the world adieu.

"But now the crescent moon I see
Peering above that tall pine-tree;
The streamlet and the bubbling rills
Meandering down the sloping hills,
Are singing, and their notes of joy
Are music to thy minstrel boy;
Far in the lonely hawthorn vale
Is heard the plaintive nightingale;
Then mingle in this rhapsody,
And rival Nature's harmony;
Come, Bella, raise thy voice, I fain
Would list its soft, melodious strain."

She bow'd assent, and back she flung
The glossy curls, as thus she sung:—

THE LADY'S TEST.

"DEAR BLANCHE," said a knight to his fair betrothed bride,
As they walk'd, arm in arm, by the calm river side,
"Each soft waving tress of your raven hair seems
Like a chain of pure gold in the sun's flashing gleams;
And they float round your neck and your forehead so fair,
Like the long willow boughs in the soft summer air."
"Not so fast," said the lady; "in praising each curl,
Suppose you should hear they were false, noble earl!"

"Your hair false, my darling! well, it's nothing to me,
If still those bright, brilliant eyes I may see;
The soft azure blue 'neath the dark silken fringe,
Seems hung on a pivot or some secret hinge;
For they glance and they twinkle, and sparkle so bright,
One flash from their orbits bedazzles my sight."

"Fine talk this, Sir Egbert; well match'd they may
pass;
Are you not aware that one might be glass?"

"Glass eye! well, no matter—still, still we are
friends,—
Those beautiful teeth will make full amends;
Like smooth, glistening pearls, in the deep ocean-
bed,
Inclosed in a casket of pure ruby-red;
As polish'd as porcelain, as ivory clear,
These opal-like gems of thine do appear."
"You flatter, dear Egbert; but do not forget
The dentist to thank for this unrival'd set."

"False teeth, too, beloved! but I don't care a straw,
There's no beauty on earth without blemish or flaw;
It soon fades away, like a fair blighted flower,
When it folds up its leaves in the sun's scorching
power;
To my bosom still dear, not a pin do I care
For false teeth or eyes, or false locks of hair;
More precious to me than diamonds thou art,
Unless you prove, dearest, to have a false heart."

"Oh forgive this deceit; oh forgive me!" she cries;
"My hair is not false, nor my teeth nor my eyes;
They are all Nature's works, and not those of Art,
And Heaven forbid I should have a false heart;
'T is pure and unchanging, as gold from Peru;
'T was to prove that for me your affection was true,
To know, my affianced, the vows you have spoke,
In joy or in sorrow, would never be broke."

"Break the vows we have plighted! no—not while the sun
Shall his chariot-wheels round the universe run;
No—not while the stars in the blue arch shines bright,
Or the silver moon gleams through the shadows of night;
No—sooner I'd plunge in the dark yawning waves,
And find a cold tomb in the deep coral caves,
Where worth is forgotten, with beauty and youth,
Than prove false, dearest Blanche, to such virtue and truth."

The song was hush'd, and Bella stood
Like floral goddess of the wood,

With garland round her brow intwined,
And tresses floating in the wind;
Where silken cord the bodice laced,
Her favorite blossoms had been placed;
And daisies white, and blue harebell,
Play'd, as her bosom rose and fell,
Like wavelets in a gentle swell.
Attentively and mute, she gazed,
With parted lips, and eyes upraised,
As if she meant to catch each word
Before its deep-toned sound was heard.

The youthful bard the silence broke,
And, with enthusiasm, spoke:—
"How sweetly falls that seraph voice!
Dear one, my first, my only choice,
It bids my heart in hope rejoice;
Thy minstrel, love, will ever be
Constant, as this true knight, to thee."

"Would not," she murmur'd, with a sigh,
And glimmering, half-averted eye,
"Would not one gifted and high-born,
Some lordly mansion to adorn,

Be dearer to your heart than one
On whom kind fortune's star ne'er shone?"

"Why wound me thus?" he quick replied;
"Thou art more loved than worlds beside.
Why should I value thee the less
Because a guileless shepherdess?
The heather and the tufted broom
That by the wood and wayside bloom,
With purple tints and golden dyes
The hot-house nursling far outvies;
The tiny wild-flowers in the vale
With richer perfume scent the gale,
Than choice collections sought to grace
A boudoir or a China vase;
And happiness smiled on me when
I found a rose in Hazel Glen.
The bee from buds sweet nectar sips;
So would I kiss those dewy lips,
And store it in my memory well,
Deep in my heart's most hidden cell."

Her modest blushes gave consent,
As o'er her face his head he bent;

Then, with ecstatic ardor, press'd
The charming fair one to his breast.
Alas! the harp that there had hung,
Its tense cords snap; 't is all unstrung;
The superstitious Bella sank,
Startled, upon the verdant bank.
"Is it a sign?" she, faltering, said;
"I late have felt a secret dread;
A something I cannot define
Has harrow'd up my thoughts to-day;
But when I heard those notes of thine,
And saw your crested plumage shine,
My sad mistrustings fled away;
Now back again these feelings rush,
And with a weight my spirits crush.
The shepherd's cot is not the same,—
More cheerful 't was when first you came;
My grandsire frequent heaves a sigh,
And my good grandam wipes her eye;
When in their presence, I can see
They strive to hide their grief from me;
I fear me now some cruel fate
These objects of my love await."

"Oh think not thus!" the minstrel cried;
"All will be well, my promised bride.
As I can mend this broken string,
So all our trials will take wing
And fly away, so then our joy
Will deeper be for this alloy.
Now let our footsteps homeward bend,
Trusting that God will be our friend,
And all in peace and safety end."

She took his arm, and o'er the sod
The thoughtful lover's slowly trod;
A star-gemm'd lamp now burn'd above,
To guide them through the Bluebell Grove.

A Retrospect.

'T WAS eve, and gently blew the breeze
That whisper'd through the beechen-trees,
While on the rippling water plays
The setting sun's last golden rays,
And tinging, with a thousand dyes,
The broad expanse of western skies.
The shepherd sat at his cottage-door,
And silently mused on days of yore:
When he was a frolicksome, happy boy,
Partaking of pleasure without alloy;
Roaming the hills and valleys as free
As wild-birds flitting from tree to tree,
And tuning his harp's soft minstrelsy;
He thought of the fields where he loved to roam,
Of his father's house and his boyhood's home;
Of his mother's kiss, and her soft good-night,
Her prayerful look, and her step so light;
Of sporting upon the banks of Tweed,
Through heathery brae and broomy mead;

A child again, he gathers flowers,
And sleeps amid the greenwood bowers,
Chases the butterfly o'er the lea,
Its gaudily-painted robes to see;
Or, after the humming-bird nimbly springs,
To catch a glimpse of his quivering wings.

The sunny days of his youthful prime,
When he heeded not the steps of time,
But bold and active, in vigor strong,
And chanting some sweet pastoral song,
He clamber'd up the jagged rocks
To view the harmless, fleecy flocks,
That, scatter'd o'er the green below,
Seem'd like light flakes of drifting snow;
'T was then he chose to guard the sheep,
Content a peasant's charge to keep;
And in the joy of his manhood's pride
Had brought to his home a blushing bride:
The gentle Agnes, who, faithful still,
Had clung to his side through good and ill;
And then uprose a playful child,
That look'd in his face, and fondly smiled;

And now, 't is a bright-eyed maiden fair,
With glossy ringlets of auburn hair.
Thus, scene after scene pass'd by in review,
All drawn to the life and pictured true;
For all was bright and beautiful, when
He came to live in the Hazel Glen.

He little had dream'd that the journey through life
With care and trouble is ever rife,
Nor deem'd the course, so smoothly begun,
So rough would prove ere the race was run.
But the brightest sun goes down at night,
The moon will wane from full-orb'd light,
And the spangled stars that deck the skies
Their brilliance will hide when clouds arise;
So the path he was treading so light and gay
Had turn'd, unawares, to a thorny way.
He thought of the change, and heaved a sigh,
For tears had gather'd in either eye,—
Alas! his early companions were gone,
They slumber'd beneath the churchyard stone;
His parents, too, were under the sod,
Their spirits immortal had gone to God.

"My daughter!" he cried, and, trickling slow,
Down his furrow'd cheeks the teardrops flow;
"The calm repose of thy blighted form
Is undisturb'd by the howling storm;
When first a blooming woman grown
Thou hadst no cause for grief, dear one,
Until a highborn suitor came
And kindled up a secret flame;
From that loved object doom'd to part,
Excess of anguish broke thy heart.

"Like as a lamp, in darksome place,
Illumes around the gloomy space,
But when the oil that feeds the fires
Is spent, the flickering flame expires;
Or, like a match with powder fed,
Burns slowly up the slender thread,
Creeps noiseless, till the goal is past,
Then sure destruction comes at last,—
So pure and ardent love awhile
Burns brightly in the beaming smile;
With eloquence the dark eyes speak,
And spread a glow o'er beauty's cheek;

But when neglect, with cruel fangs,
Pierces the heart with sorrow's pangs,
Then, rent and crush'd, like storm-wreck'd bark,
It slow consumes the vital spark,
Till, 'mid false hopes, and fear, and doubt,
The sinking flame of life goes out.

"And such, poor Jennie, was thy fate:
A dove, forsaken of her mate;
A stricken deer, whose panting heart
Has felt the huntsman's ruthless dart;
Or soaring bird, whose buoyant wing
Feels the keen arrow's bitter sting.
And the sweet blossom thou hast left,
Of a fond mother's care bereft,
Must she in the same footsteps tread
That to thy hopeless ruin led?
Oh! must she worship at that shrine,
To end in misery such as thine?

"She for the minstrel pines, I know;
Her agile form is drooping now;
The cheek, that bloom'd like mountain rose,
Is stainless, as the Alpine snows;

And paled the lip and dimm'd the eye,
And oft I catch an indrawn sigh;
Oh, would I ne'er had seen his face,
Or from my memory could efface
This scion of a noble race!
His figure in my sleep appears;
It haunts my dreams and wakes my fears;
I know him well; I'm not deceived,—
The same I from the first believed;
Then woe betides the fatal day
I gave my precious charge away;
I from his look that instant knew
My dread suspicions had proved true;
His voice, that in my bosom burn'd,
Told me young Ronald had return'd;
But, though he came in humble guise,
He can no longer blind my eyes;
To hide the proud MacCormic's name,
He that assumes of Rosengræme;
I him esteem; I know his worth,—
Oh that he were of lowly birth!
Then blessings would their nuptials crown,
And happiness my sorrow's drown.

"But if she wed this lordly heir,
Though Scotia boasts not one more fair,
Obscurely bred, though nobly born,
She could not brook his kindred's scorn;
Their angry glance and haughty mien
Would act again the tragic scene;
The victim on Love's altar lies,—
Must Bella be the sacrifice?
Oh for some sweet enchanting spell
My unavailing fears to quell!
To dash this cup of bitter grief,
And give my pent-up heart relief."

As threatening storm, when dark clouds lower,
Or drops of rain in summer shower,
So stifled groans his woe bespeaks,
So pour the tears adown his cheeks;
He bent his head upon his breast,
And scarce the rising sobs suppress'd;
The pet-lamb gambols round his feet
And gives a low impatient bleat,
And the grim watch-dog pulls his chain,
But cannot his attention gain.
The good Dame Agnes now drew near,
And strove her husband's gloom to cheer;

Her soothing tones his ear now claims,
She, 'suasive, says,—"Weep not, dear James;
Cease this complaining, and be calm,—
In Gilead there yet is balm;
The great Physician, too, will lend
His timely aid, and bless the end;
Then in his mercy firmly trust,—
'T is God afflicts, and he is just."

"I need rebuke, dear one," he said;
"I'll banish superstitious dread,
And let this precept with me rest:
Whatever comes is for the best.
O Lord! my erring thoughts forgive,
And let me in thy presence live;
While now my feeble voice I raise
To mingle in a hymn of praise,
Accept, and bless my sunset days."

THE EVENING HYMN.

When twilight shades are floating round,
And day's bright tints expire,
When night's dark mantle shrouds the earth,
And moon and stars retire;

When we are hush'd in quiet sleep,
And dangers hover near,
The Lord on high, who slumbers not,
To guard us will appear.

His mighty arm protects us still
Where'er our footsteps roam,
And safe the weary pilgrim leads
To his eternal home.
Let all adore his holy name,
And worship at the shrine
Of Him, who reigns where angel harps
Are tuned to notes divine.

The Poet Minstrel.

JUST in the glow of eventide,
When sunset clouds spread far and wide,
Beside a moss-grown fallen tower,
In that solemn stilly hour,
The minstrel by a fountain stood
And view'd the scene in thoughtful mood;
A varied picture meets the eye,
Of jutting cliff and mountain high,
Of clear blue lake and purpling sky;

Beyond him rose the dark pine woods,
Surrounded by deep solitudes;
Far off he sees green shady isles,
Near by a castle's gloomy piles:
This massive structure, grim and old,
Was once a feudal lord's stronghold,
Where courtly knight and lady fair
Pour'd music to the midnight air,
And dance and song and mirthful glee
Shook the proud halls with revelry.

Then war's loud notes and trumpet's peal,
The clang of armor, clash of steel,
With warder's cry, and guardsman's shout,
Had from the battlements rung out.

But now, within its dismal cells
The toad and poisonous serpent dwells;
In the damp vault the sickly snail
Leaves, on the ground, its slimy trail;
And loathsome reptiles slowly crawl
Along the dank and mouldy wall;
While in the creaking turrets rude
The screaming curlew rears her brood.

"Sad is thy fate!" the minstrel sigh'd;
"Such is the fall of pomp and pride;
Thus low must each dear homestead lie."
He brush'd the moisture from his eye,
And flung the plumed cap from his brow,
Then tuned his harp to notes of woe,
And sung of ages long ago.

Glancing Moonbeams.

GATHERING on the verge of day,
Lo! the shades of twilight gray;
Faintly now Apollo gleams,
And the sinking golden beams
Dart athwart the limpid streams.

Rocky height and vale behold
His crimson canopy unfold;
And the temple's gilded spire
Seems a burnish'd globe of fire
As the glowing tints expire.

In the arch of heaven so bright
Comes the radiant orb of night,
And her quivering light now plays
On the rivers, rocks, and bays,
In a thousand glancing ways.

As a bride she now comes forth,
Shedding lustre o'er the earth;

Her attendant sparkling train,
Stud, like gems, her wide domain,
Flooding city, grove, and plain.

Now the gentle moonbeam falls
On the ruin'd castle walls,
Skips across the oaken floors,
Through the carved and panel'd doors
And the broken corridors;

Looking from the cloudless sky
On the tottering terrace high,
Flitting o'er the crumbling piles,
Peeping through the loosen'd tiles,
On the quaint old cornice smiles;

Then her fairy footsteps pass
O'er the dew-besprinkled grass;
On the crystal stream she rides,
Through the portal gate she glides,
Where Time, as porter, now presides.

Silently her steps now tread
Through the leafy valley's bed,

Watching Nature's brief decay,
Dancing on the mounds of clay
Like a gladsome child at play.

"In what language wouldst thou speak,
Silver moonbeam, mild and meek?
Weave for me enchantment's spell
To illume this secret cell,
And the hapless story tell.

"Now the west wind murmurs low,
Sweetest music seems to flow,
Like a strain from fairy-land;
Has some nymph, with unseen hand,
Waved aloft her magic wand?"

Then the moon, with face benign,
Glimmer'd through the swaying pine;
Lighting up this lower sphere,
And a whisper, soft and clear,
Stole upon the listening ear;

Thus the hush'd tones seem'd to say,—
"Scenes of grandeur pass away;

Yon desolated, vine-clad bower,
And the prostrate sculptured tower,
Emblems are of fallen power.

"In that grand edifice of stone,
With moss and ivy overgrown,
Once the noble and the great
Sat enthroned in regal state,
With prosperity elate.

"But the notes of rampant war
Sounded from the fields afar,
And rude enemies were sent
To storm its granite battlement,
On its sure destruction bent.

"Fiercely the assailants fought,
And the hoary chieftain sought.
They who in defence had bled,
By superior force lie dead,—
Then the helpless inmates fled.

"In these ancient courts of pride
Their ancestors lived and died;

Now the ruthless conqueror came,
Exulting in the victor's name,—
But fleeting is the breath of Fame.

"Round the batter'd walls he rode,
Through the marble halls he strode,
And beneath that lofty dome
The usurper found a home,
And in its vault a nameless tomb.

"At midnight the assassin came,
And mournful voices shriek'd his name:
'Blood for blood!' the spectre said;
'By thy sword my clansmen bled;
Sleep now with the dreamless dead.'

"By the keen avenger's blade
The despoiler low was laid;
Years roll'd o'er this spot, and then
It became the bandit's den,
And the haunts of guilty men.

"But deserted now it lies,
Mouldering 'neath the wintry skies.

Thus Time fulfills the just decree,
And nightly I look down and see
This record of man's destiny."

Fair Cynthia's face now paler grew,
Then close her shadowy veil she drew;
And, wrapp'd in gloom, the castle lay
Like unbelief's declining day;
Ere long the vapor pass'd away.

And in the clear blue arch above,
Soft-eyed Venus, queen of love,
Rides her chariot; fiery Mars,
With innumerable stars,
Shoot along in gilded cars.

Then suddenly the moon burst forth,
And in mild beauty deck'd the earth,
Dispelling the dark shades of night:
So Hope and Happiness unite
In pure Religion's glorious light.

Bella's Grief.

AGAIN, o'er clear Loch Lomond's tide
The minstrel does his shallop guide,
With Bella Duncan by his side.
Her eyes are dim, and pale her cheeks,
And Rosengræme now vainly seeks
A cheerful smile, as thus he speaks:—

"How smoothly swim yon bonny boats,
While music o'er the water floats
In such enchanting, merry notes!
It is the sweet, harmonious flute;
Then, dearest, take thy silver lute,—
Why should its magic chords be mute?
Now, while the jolly boatman sings,
Let fly thy voice on seraph wings,
And drown the noise of earthly things;
Wake up a soul-inspiring strain,
And ease my heart of love's sharp pain;
Let not my pleadings be in vain;

Or touch upon some heavenly lay,
Like o'er Æolian harpstrings play,
And with the zephyr dies away."

The maiden sat, as in a trance;
She noticed not her lover's glance,
But gazed into the blue expanse.

"Why sits my Bella so demure?
Her heart, as white-robed angel pure,
Still loves her Highland laddie sure?"

She blush'd, and, sighing, turn'd her head,
And looking up, she softly said,—
"The Fates have will'd, we may not wed."

"Let not such thoughts our bliss beguile;
I cannot live without thy smile;
Then listen to my tale awhile:
'T was on that memorable morn
That I was wandering, sad, forlorn,
I heard the shepherd's bugle-horn;
Upon the mount his flocks I spied,
And quickly I was by his side;
His countenance did woe betide.

He bade me view Ben Lomond's height:
I look'd upon a fearful sight,
The storm-clouds raging in their might;
Spell-bound I stood, in speechless dread;
'It soon will burst,' the old man said,
'In fury o'er the valley bed.
Now Bella waits me in the dell,
Then haste thee, boy, her fears to quell;'
That one dear name had broke the spell.
If I should your preserver prove,
I ask'd, and could I win your love,
Would he the barrier remove?
'Yes, yes;' he cried, 'in pity go.'
Swift as an arrow from the bow
I darted to the plain below;
I reach'd my sweet dove's mossy nest,
And caught her to my throbbing breast,
And bore her safe;—you know the rest.
When I had thus my guerdon won,
My happiness was just begun:
Is mine the prize, my gentle one?"

The silent maiden heaved a sigh;
A bright tear gleam'd in either eye,
Like dewdrops 'neath the moonlit sky;

She brush'd the ringlets from her brow,—
"I know it all," she said; "and now
He sorrows for his broken vow.
'T was disappointment's cruel doom
Blighted my mother in her bloom,
And brought her to an early tomb;
Had she not been a chieftain's bride,
She, broken hearted, had not died
Beneath the frown of haughty pride;
And he a solemn vow had made
That his poor Bella should not fade,
By arrogance and scorn betray'd.
He feels your kindness, knows your worth,
But says, The humble poor of earth
Should never wed with noble birth;
And, while I see him thus repine,
I cannot yield this hand of mine,
Although my heart is ever thine.
Oh that the cheering goddess Hope
Would now her soothing fountain's ope,
And he no more in darkness grope!
When from his brow the shade shall flee,
I'll freely give myself to thee,
And never from thee parted be.

Hark, from the town the vesper bell!
Then trusting all will yet be well,
Now take the harp and break the spell."

"Enough, dear one!" the minstrel cried;
In this sweet promise I'll abide,
And win thee for my bonny bride;
As recompense for Cupid's freak,
I'll press a warm kiss on thy cheek,
And let my heart its rapture speak;
Now, as our light skiff parts the spray,
While gliding toward the quiet bay,
I'll tune for thee a lover's lay."

TO ISABEL.

THERE is music in the murmuring brook,
In the passing west winds sigh,
And in the rustling leaves, that tell
That autumn's change is nigh;
But sweeter to me is the magic spell
That lurks in the voice of Isabel.

There's music in the thunder-clouds
When lightning's flash above,
And in the plaintive song of birds
Re-echoing through the grove;
But more sublime were the notes that fell
From the musical lips of Isabel.

There's music in the waving grain
And in the spangled flowers,
And in the balmy, soft, south breeze,
Whispering through summer bowers;
Still more sweet the melodious swell
In the tuneful breath of Isabel.

I dearly love to hear sweet sounds
Ring through the woodland free,
And there's wanting but one to make this earth
A world of bliss to me;
But 't is naught, if I must bid farewell
To the silvery voice of Isabel.

The Stranger.

THE moon is up, serene and pale;
She glances through the leafy vale,
Then darting forth her brighter rays,
A flood of lucid light displays,
Which, like a silver canopy,
Is veiling bush and branching tree;
The warbling birds, that all day long
Have gladden'd Nature with a song,
Straining their little tuneful throats
In carolling melodious notes,
Have rumpled up each downy breast,
And with the day-god gone to rest,
Hiding their heads beneath the wing
Till morning bids them rise and sing;
And all around is hush'd and still,
Saving the night-owl's hooting shrill,
The screaming of the whippoorwill,
Or croaking raven's fitful cry
Whene'er the hungry hawk flits by.

Now, 'merging from the copsewood green,
A weary traveler is seen,
And slowly, in the twilight gray,
With feeble step he wends his way;
A sad, wayfaring man he seems,
Advancing in fair Cynthia's beams,
And, guided by her mellow light,
He soon espies a cottage white;
Though drooping boughs the roof conceals,
An open space the front reveals,
And there a cheerful taper burns;
So in the winding path he turns;
To find a place of rest at length,
Revives his near exhausted strength;
Less heavy on his staff he leans,
And hurries by romantic scenes,
Then briskly treads the soft grass o'er,
And stands beside the open door.

The shepherd rose his guest to greet,
And, with a kindly glance, they meet;
He said, "Step o'er the threshold, friend,
And here let this day's journey end;
Though unexpected you have come,
You are thrice welcome to my home,

For in this lone, secluded spot,
Man seldom finds my lowly cot;
But rustic seat and wholesome fare
I would right freely with him share;
Provisions ample, God provides,
For me and those who need besides;
My flocks with milk supplies my board,
My grounds nutritious fruits afford;
You seek refreshment and repose,
Then take the bounty Heaven bestows."

The guest bow'd low, and thank'd his host,
Then seem'd in meditation lost.
Meantime Dame Agnes lightly stepp'd
Where she her dainty dishes kept,
And quickly to the table brought
The various viands she had sought:
Some roasted fowl, light biscuit, too,
Fresh bread, and butter sweet and new;
Cold water from the brimming pail,
And last, a flask of bright Scotch ale;
The hungry stranger now drew near,
And view'd, well pleased, the hearty cheer;

Glanced eagerly from place to place,
And silently survey'd each face.
He of the plenteous meal partook,
Then cast a sidelong, wishful look
Toward the dimly-lighted nook
Where Bella sat, with head downcast,
Like lily drooping in the blast,
Unconscious that her faded cheek
To others would her woe bespeak;
But soon the anxious shepherd sees
His moody guest is ill at ease,
And with his penetrating eyes
Deep in his breast a thorn espies;
Then quick suspicion spreads her wings,
And to his mind conviction brings.
Ah! well he knows that stately form,
Though stooping now 'neath sorrow's storm;
The locks that graced his lofty brow,
Once glossy black, are silver'd now;
What though his eyes, whose lustre bright,
Like beaming orbs at deep midnight,
With liquid eloquence had shone,
Their matchless beauty now seems gone,—

Like as a grate, whose flaming fire
Burns dimly ere the coals expire;
And so their sight bedimm'd appears,
Their brilliance quench'd in briny tears;
Thus recollections of the past,
Like shades, before his vision cast,
Come thronging up from memory's cell,
And wrap him in a mystic spell;
His mutterings, indistinct, are heard,
But none may catch a perfect word;
Yet, if you would their import know,
'T is thus that he is thinking now:—
"They said he left his native shore
Never to see his country more;
That, shipwreck'd on the foamy wave,
He slept deep in the seaman's grave;
A mystery; does the Cameron live—
Her father? but I dare not give
My thoughts a voice, for Bella's ear
Must not the fatal sentence hear;
Now he would speak,—her fate draws near."

The stranger rose, and gayly said,—
"I'll drink to thee, my bonny maid:

May fortune smile, and suitors bow,
And faithful Hymen crown thy brow;
Look up, and give consent, sweet lass;
Say, shall I pledge thee in this glass?"

Now Bella lifts her speaking eyes,
Regarding him in mute surprise;
He raised the goblet to his lips,
And slow the sparkling ale he sips,
And when the beverage he had quaff'd
His spirits vanish'd with the draught;
He look'd intently in her face,
As though he would some 'semblance trace,
Then moved with slow, uneven pace;
Lean'd heavily against the door,
And sunk, half fainting, on the floor.

In speechless awe poor Bella gazed;
Dame Agnes started up amazed;
But quick the shepherd lends his aid,—
His head upon a pillow laid,
The snowy curtains drew aside,
And flung the casement open wide,

Then bathed his temples, fann'd his brow,
And soon the circling currents flow
Back to the heart; exhausted strength
Ralleys, and he revives at length;
But, weak and care-worn, feebly rose
To seek his couch, and gain repose.
The weary cottager now turns
To where the glimmering taper burns,
Retrims its pale and sinking fires,
Then, with his family, retires.
Now peaceful slumbers on them light,
And guardian-angel's give good-night.

The Interview.

At length the morning breaks;
But ere the sun rose in the purpling east
The stranger softly left his sleepless couch
And wander'd forth to taste the balmy air.
The shepherd, too, had sought repose in vain;
Unpleasant dreams disturb'd him while he slept,
And troubled thoughts fill'd up his waking hours;
So, when the dawning light, with welcome smile
Peep'd through the window-pane, he quickly rose,
And sallied out to rest his fever'd mind.
He down the valley moved, and, unawares,
Turn'd in a by-path, and abruptly met
His hapless guest, deep in the Hazel Glen.
With kindly greetings he saluted him;
Forgot his own, to soothe another's woes;
And pity warm'd his bosom when he saw
The anguish written on his countenance.

"Well met, my friend," he said;
"How fares your health since your fatigue yestreen?

You are an early riser, I perceive;
I knew not you had left your chamber yet.
Excuse intrusion, chance has led me here;
Perhaps, like me, you sought the woodbine's shade
To calm your spirits in the cooling breeze."

The stranger heaved a sigh,
And, leaning heavy on his staff, replied,—
"I am no sluggard, and this sultry morn
Invites the pilgrim to this lone retreat
To meditate amid its solitudes;
To ease his bosom of the worm remorse,
And hide his bitter grief from mortal sight."

SHEPHERD.

"Oh flee this melancholy!
Though I can sympathize in your distress.
Did sleep forsake your pillow, and regret
Alarm the silent watches of the night
With lamentations o'er relentless Time,
And send you hither, in this dewy hour,
To pour complaints into unheeding ears,
And utter groans to things inanimate?

Why should Lord Cameron assume disguise,
And use deceit with one who knows him well?"

CAMERON.

"Ha! do you know me, James?
Can I not don the garments of the poor,
And hide my titles 'neath a simple garb,
But you can penetrate my bosom still
And lay my misdeeds open to your view
To make me feel them with a twofold pang?"

SHEPHERD.

"Nay, nay, my lord;
I would not cause a moment's suffering;
Your looks too plainly show your constant grief.
But were you clothed in habiliments uncouth,
Or in the antique costume of old Rome,
In Turkish turban, or in Russian furs,
I'd recognize you by that measured step.
So well I know the habits of your race,
Though Time's unerring shaft has left his mark
By tracing lines on your once rounded cheek,
Has shook his frosty tresses o'er your brow,
Sprinkling bright powder on your raven locks,

I could detect you in the meanest dress
That ever wrapp'd the human figure round;
For though their light is now somewhat obscured,
Your dark eyes' flashing would betray you still."

CAMERON.

"She has the Cameron eye:
Is she not mine, my lost, my darling child?
Does she yet live? Say, was the rumor false
That told me she was stolen from your charge
By that fierce robber-chief whose bands infest
The dangerous passes of the bandit's gorge?
Oh solve this mystery, and ease my mind
Of the great burden it has borne for years!"

SHEPHERD.

"My lord, let me explain;
Restrain your tears; your heart shall yet rejoice;
Sit down upon the bank of tufted moss,
Under this clump of hollys, whose thick leaves
The early dews can never penetrate;
Now calm your fears, and listen patiently:—
When Bella was a child, scarce nine years old,
One day she left the cottage for a walk,

And rambled far off in the lonely woods;
When evening came, and she was absent still,
I grew alarm'd, and traversed hill and dale,
Sounded my bugle-horn, and call'd her name,
Till the deep voices of the caves replied,
And echo answer'd echo in the glens;
The neighboring peasantry join'd in the search,
But not a trace of her could we obtain.
Dark clouds were gathering in the stormy north,
And bleak November's winds howl'd through the pines;
Dame Agnes wept as with a breaking heart,
And pass'd the night in sleepless agony,
Lest she should perish with fatigue and cold,
Or fall the victim of wild beasts of prey.
Next morn, returning from my fruitless search,
I met one, mantled in a peasant's garb,
(Though something told me he was in disguise,)
Who gave me mournful tidings of the lost,
Show'd me her little hood and netted scarf,
And said he found them in the damp ravine;
He heard shrill screams, and hasten'd to the spot
To see her carried rapidly away
Toward the dark forest, by an outlaw grim.

No further satisfaction would he give,
But disappear'd behind the shelving cliff,
And I, in frantic terror for her fate,
Had clamber'd down the rocky precipice;
I heard below a plaintive, moaning sound,
Then sobbing cries came from the cavern's mouth
Like some one in distress; I knew the voice,
And raised my thoughts in thankfulness to Heaven,
Then forward sprung, with hope and trust elate,
And in a marble casket found my gem.
But more of this hereafter. Cease, I pray;
Your child is safe; then dry these briny tears."

CAMERON.

"'T is strange; oh strange,
God's providence! how wise and wonderful
He interposed to save my precious one!
'T is gratitude to Him that makes me weep;
And it relieves the surcharged heaving breast.
The one who now in Stirling Castle dwells,
And claims the wide possessions of my house
As being next of kin, for worldly gain
Spread the report that my sole heir was lost.

But yet she lives to mitigate my grief,
And bless my future with her loving heart."

SHEPHERD.

"I knew that it was he;
His was the form presented to my mind.
I saw him once, when Jennie was a bride,
And his proud bearing I remember well.
But, would the Cameron his name disgrace,
So stigmatize his memory with a stain,
As to commit a base and cruel act
To grasp an orphan child's inheritance?"

CAMERON.

"He would do more;
He is a spurious branch, degenerate,
That shames the noble race from which he sprung,
By his ignoble deeds. He triumphs now;
I have been blind; his motives now are plain:
Under the garb of friendship he advised
That I should travel to recruit my health.
He thinks I slumber in a coral cave;
But, like a spectre, I'll appear to him,
And all his subtle plannings then shall fail;

Then the dear offspring of my only love
Shall shine the star of my ancestral halls."

SHEPHERD.

"You say your only love;
If angel Jennie's child were dear to you,
Why came you not to learn the truth of me,
Her birthright prove, and claim her for your own?
It would have saved you years of bitterness,
And me the trials that have come of late."

CAMERON.

"Do not upbraid me, James;
You know my father's arbitrary will;
He all communication strict forbade,
And I must needs obey his stern commands.
I quitted Stirling Castle to reside
In my paternal home at Edinburgh;
But not till Jennie and our first-born died
Would I consent to wed the Lady Blanche,—
It was a union of policy;
Our parents (both were powerful in arms,
And both descended from a royal house)
Had long enjoy'd a friendly intercourse;

And now they wish'd, by kindred ties, to
strenthen
The growing branches of Monteith and Cameron,
And ours was not the deep and sacred love
That ever should cement such solemn vows;
But she in my bereavement sympathized,
And I respected her pure principles.
A few short years in her society
Made me a wiser and a better man;
Yet she was beautiful to look upon:
A something holy in her pensive eyes;
Something so soothing in her gentle voice;
A childlike innocence her actions mark'd;
With sweet simplicity her station fill'd.
She was too frail and delicate for earth,
Pining for him who had possess'd her heart,—
My brave, heroic brother, who had fallen
In early youth, protecting with his life
The Christian's cross among the infidels;
So, when the summer roses 'gan to fade,
And the blue harebells droop'd their modest
heads,
She bade adieu to all terrestrial things,

Hoping to meet the being so beloved
Beyond the spheres, in the bright realms of day."

SHEPHERD.

"I never knew all this.
Edward, my lord, I blamed you wrongfully;
But now, forgive me, and pursue your tale."

CAMERON.

"Well, thus she died;
Her only child, a bright-eyed, gladsome boy,
Awhile consoled us for our buried loves;
A tender feeling through my bosom stole,
And something like affection warm'd my breast
To watch his winsome ways; but he, alas!
Partook his mother's weak temperament;
He wasted 'neath the fever of disease,
And soon he slept beside her in the tomb.
When thus bereft, one day I musing sat,
Pondering upon the changing scenes of life,
When my groom enter'd with the *Daily News;*
I took the paper up mechanically,
And with indifference glanced from place to place,
When suddenly a noted paragraph

Attracted my attention, and I read,—
'The little grandchild of James Duncan stray'd
Away from home, and, lost in the pine woods,
Was borne by robbers to their hidden den,
From which, 't is fear'd, she never can escape.'
In frantic grief I paced my room that night,
And mourn'd for her as one who mourns the dead,
Till wavering reason totter'd on her throne.
My friends prevented intercourse with you,
And said, 'that farther search were worse than vain.'"

SHEPHERD.

"Oh, then, I thought you base,
Unjust, and cruel too, and my fierce wrath
Was kindled 'gainst you and your father's house,
That you should countenance such abject plans
To disinherit your own lawful child;
I thought on vengeance, and my nerves grew strong;
With bitter venom raved upon you both,
And fretted, like a tiger in his cage,
Or, as a hound that hears the huntsman's horn,
Pants to be loosed and follow in the chase,

Then springs his length, and at his kennel paws;
But distant sounds grow dull upon his ear,
And sullenly he crouches down again,
Forgets the sport, and snores in stupid ease:
So did I struggle to obtain my ends,—
In anger pull'd at disappointment's chain;
But when I found how vain my efforts were,
It cool'd my passion, and my mind was calm.
And then I thought of Jennie's last request,
And of my promise, that her orphan'd one
Should never know she was a Cameron,
And thus, to let the matter die away,
Would favor this concealment; but, my lord,
The one who placed her in that dismal cave
Was no rude bandit from the forest dim,
But he who told the falsehood to us both,—
The highborn kinsman who your title wears.
Still I condemn'd and scorn'd the haughty earl,
Who, in the ebb of life, could wilfully
Stain his fair fame with infamy and crime;
Perhaps commingled in the wicked plot
To rob a fellow-creature of her rights."

CAMERON.

"Do not reproach the dead;
Be patient, James, and I will tell you all.
Ere this had come to pass, my father slept
In Melrose Abbey, with his ancestors;
Except some legacies to friends and kin,
He will'd his vast estates to me and mine;
But, in default of heirs, the earldom left
To my false cousin, Owen Cameron.
Now he shall know there is a Power above
That overrules the schemes of guilty men;
He bade the closing breakers ope their mouths
And cast me senseless on the sandy beach.
When kindly hands had minister'd their aid,
I woke to consciousness, again to find
My mental faculties had been restored.
I, then, with Walter Stienburg, a Swiss lad,
Who rescued me when thrown upon the beach,
Resolved to travel by a name unknown;
I sought for foreign news, and soon I learn'd
The report current in my native isle
Was, 'that all perish'd in the fatal wreck,
And none were left to tell the piteous tale.'"

SHEPHERD.

"Ah me, my lord!
Your narrative has made me weep, forsooth;
Your trials have been great. Let us arise
And hasten to my quiet cottage home,—
The morn's repast awaits us there, I know;
And hark! the flocks are bleating in the fold;
Impatient, now, they shake their tinkling bells:
They'll think me tardy if I longer stay."

CAMERON.

"Apollo, too, has risen;
He holds his sceptre o'er the vapory clouds,
Tinging their light-blue robes with crimson dyes,
And on their borders hangs a golden fringe,
That float around him like a canopy,
While sparkling beams shoot from his gilded
throne.
I'll follow, James, for I am eager now
To clasp my daughter to my heaving breast;
But how will she believe the wanderer
Can claim a parent's right for such embrace?"

SHEPHERD.

"Leave that to me;
We must use stratagem; for she has learn'd
That you, in search of health, had gone abroad,
And 'neath the yawning billows found a tomb.
With tear-swollen eyes she wept for you upon
Her mother's grave, down in the Bluebell Grove,
Unconscious of your station or your name."

CAMERON.

"Poor, panting heart, be still!
Oh, I must see the spot where Jennie lies!
She shall be taken from this lowly bed
And placed in marble, 'mong the Camerons;
I'll rear a monument to tell her worth,
And publish to the world her blameless life."

SHEPHERD.

"Nay, let her calmly sleep
'Mid sylvan shades, in that sweet resting-place,
Where I at last, with Agnes by my side,
Hope to repose, with Jennie and her child,
With naught but warbling birds to chant my
requiem."

CAMERON.

"So let it be, good sire.
Eight times the earth has round her axis turn'd
Since I departed from dear Scotland's shore;
But safe return'd, in health and vigor strong,
I'll sue for justice, and obtain my rights,
And you shall be repaid for all your care,
And Bella in our mutual love rejoice.
See, through the trees, your vine-clad cot appears,
And there, a white-robed figure,—it is she:
A father's happiness shall yet be mine."

The Minstrel's Joy.

Now in the morn's refreshing hour,
Sits Bella, in her Grapevine Bower,
  Twining a wreath of evergreen,
While here and there a sweet wild-flower
  Is peeping the mossy leaves between;
No trace of sadness now remains,
As thus she sings, in merry strains:—

THE GARLAND.

"I HAVE woven a garland of eglantine,
Of sprays of green ivy and sprigs of woodbine,
Their folded blossoms expanded at even,
And oft they have drank the dews of heaven;
But now they are pluck'd from their parent stems,
And they'll shine no more with glistening gems;
Their beautiful hues will soon fade away,
And meet emblems be of life's brief decay."

A rustling sound now falls on her ears,
And now a short, quick step she hears;
See, mantling o'er the neck of snow
A roseate tinge, a rudy glow,
Till, blushing with surprise and joy,
She springs to meet her minstrel boy.

"Dear Bella, my beloved!" he cries;
And his great soul beam'd in his eyes;
"What means this cheerfulness, I pray?
Is that dread barrier torn away,
And kind James Duncan haply waived
His claims, and both from misery saved?
I cull'd this lily of the vale
To match your cheek, so wan and pale,
But with a healthful bloom it glows,
And rivals now this damask rose;
Lit up with smiles your face appears,
Your eyes are bright without their tears;
No shade of sorrow clouds your brow,
Your heart is light and happy now,
Your voice is clear,—'t is wondrous strange!
Say, what has wrought this pleasing change?"

"O Rosengræme," she quick replied,
"What you behold will good betide:
I wept in bitterness for one
That I had never look'd upon;
And he, who thus unknown I mourn'd,
My long-lost father, has return'd;
He 'scaped the dangers of the sea,
And is restored to friends and me;
Possess'd of wealth and mansions fair,
He comes to claim me for his heir."

"Ah!" said the minstrel, with a start,
As though a pang had pierced his heart;
New ideas darted through his mind
As swiftly as the rushing wind;
More obstacles he inly sees,
And seal his lips with thoughts like these:
"Though I have humbly woo'd and won
This daughter of Lord Cameron,
Will he not now, in haughty pride,
Refuse to yield my promised bride?
Must I the simple story tell,
Reveal the truth, and break the spell,

That, like a charm, enwraps my name,
Whene'er she says 'dear Rosengræme?'
The wily shepherd long has known
That Ronald and myself are one;
Her father must the same be told;
But my true name in secret hold
Till she is wholly mine, and then
This bonny rose of Hazel Glen,
Whose pure, unchanging love I've won,
Shall know I am MacCormic's son.
But I will still keep watch and ward,
And be to her the wandering bard."

His reasonings thus were so intent,
He stood with eye upon her bent.

"Why this long silence?" Bella said,
As on his arm she lean'd her head;
"Does it displease you thus to hear
That I can claim a parent dear?
His presence drove our grief away,
Turn'd sorrow's night to joyful day;
His timely sympathy, so warm,
Has acted on us like a charm;

Grandpa his wonted smile resumes,
Its influence every eye relumes;
He ask'd what made my cheek so pale,
And heard our mutual love's sad tale;
He bade me still in hope rejoice,
And bless'd the object of my choice;
Wiped off my tears, and softly said
That I should yet my minstrel wed;
Then he learn'd all: the promise given
To my dear mother, now in heaven;
How I must in seclusion live,
And grandpa his consent ne'er give
That I should marry one above
The humble sphere in which I move;
How, faithful to his trust, I'd been
Kept from all knowledge of my kin,
And that he had my hand denied
To one, a Highland chieftain's pride,
Till, forced to yield, the pledge he broke
To save me from the lightning stroke;
Still, I have never felt till now
The import of that solemn vow.
I had been told that you were born
A higher station to adorn;

You had broad lands were Yarrow glides,
Rich pastures on the mountain sides;
That I, a simple shepherdess,
My parents gone, naught to possess,—
We never could united be,
And I must banish thoughts of thee;
But fortune now has kindly smiled,
To bless the shepherd's orphan child;
My father's wealth may equal yours;
If that true happiness secures,
Then I am thine while life endures.
This little token, too, shall prove
An emblem of undying love."
And, with her taper fingers fair,
She took a rosebud from her hair,
And, blushing deep, with heaving breast,
She placed it in his plaided vest,
Then, trembling with excitement, sank
Beside him on the grassy bank.

"My darling, my affianced bride!"
The now enraptured lover cried,
And drew her closely to his side;
"Has the protector you now claim
Inform'd you of his rank or name?

With coronet upon his brow
He may refuse the minstrel now,
The honors and the titles won
For Lady Bella Cameron."

The maiden gazed, her great surprise
Glow'd on her cheek, danced in her eyes;
He raised his head, she look'd awhile
Into his handsome, truthful face,
To catch a bright, mischievous smile,
But no deceit she there could trace;
In his demeanor could espy
No sign that would his words belie.

"And this is true," at length she spoke;
"I thought it were a playful joke;
But I believe, and when again
My father comes, he will explain:
To Stirling Castle he has gone,
To see Sir Owen Cameron,
And he returns to-morrow; then
We'll hear the news in Hazel Glen;
So when at eventide you come,
He'll give you welcome to our home.

But now, dear Rosengræme, I pray,
Retune your harp, and sing a lay
Of that loved river far away."

"Dear Bella, idol of my heart,
Thy will is mine; but, ere we part,
Place this green garland on thy head,
And let thy fairy footsteps tread
The winding path along the mount,
That leads us to the King Bird's Fount,
And, while we wander side by side,
I'll tell thee of the country's pride,
Where my forefathers did reside."

To Yarrow.

Bright Yarrow! the far-famed Scottish bards
Loved thy surrounding scenery dearly;
Thy crystal surface, beauteous stream,
Reflects thy mossy banks so clearly;
When down the mount the scorching sun
Shoots forth his forked noontide arrow,
The peasant quits the broomy heath,
And seeks the shady vale of Yarrow.

At night the shepherd's faithful dog
Watch o'er the fleecy flock is keeping,
Who, shelter'd 'neath the branching trees,
Are on thy borders quiet sleeping;
The highland chief, at early dawn,
Pursues the stag with pointed arrow;
The chase now o'er, his jet-black barb
Is straying by the side of Yarrow.

The hunter, too, wrapp'd in his plaid,
Now on its margin sweetly slumbers;

Birds, beasts, and men, and maidens fair,
To thy cool shades resort in numbers;
And where they chant pastoral hymns,
Nobles once dwelt, now free from sorrow,
Within the castle's mouldering walls,
Whose towers o'erlook the waves of Yarrow.

Beautiful Yarrow! mountain stream!
Through many scenes thy current ranges;
Now dashing 'gainst the scraggy rocks,
And now through groves its course it changes;
Now heaving with an angry swell,
And now a sable hue 't would borrow;
With tawny foam now crested o'er,
Now calm and tranquil, silvery Yarrow.

I love the flash of glittering steel,
And blazon'd shield of ancient story;
They 'mind me of the warriors bold
Who fought for bonny Scotland's glory:
Of Bruce and Wallace valor boasts,—
Their loss was mourn'd with wail and sorrow;
So, poet, will thy lasting fame
Long echo from the vale of Yarrow.

Immortal bard! of thee I've thought,
Until my dreams became poetic;
Call'd up events of bygone years,
And minstrelsy of day's prophetic;
Oh how I love awhile to roam,
Exempt from bustle and from sorrow,
Where I may see romantic glens,
And hear the measured roar of Yarrow!

In sleep fair Scotia's braes I range,
And see blue bonnets, plume, and feather;
Where, in the distant lowland dells,
I've cull'd the harebells, broom, and heather.
Refulgently the sun will set,
In token of a bright to-morrow;
And those loved scenes I soon may view,—
Adieu, sweet muse, inspiring Yarrow!

"How sweet the lay, dear Rosengræme,"
The maiden said; "be this your theme,
Whene'er through Hazel Glen we rove,
To tell me of the scenes you love.
From history I still may learn
Of Culloden and Bannockburn;

Of Highland chiefs and feudal jars,
Fierce inland strifes and border wars;
Of ravaged towns and daring deeds,
(For which full many a wound now bleeds;)
Of glorious fields where champions fought,—
And oft I've shudder'd, as I thought
How dearly Scotland's peace was bought;
But you will soothe this pang, and tell
Of sylvan brook and fairy dell,
And sing of Ettrick's rolling tide,
Of bonny Doon, and banks of Clyde,
And thus to linger here with thee
Is worth a thousand worlds to me."

"Ay, dearest; and thy worth untold
More precious is than crowns of gold;
To feel that I this prize may claim
Is more than wealth or worldly fame;
That seraph voice and angel face,
And form of such exquisite grace,
Where love and truth and virtue shine
Like jewels bright in hidden mine,
With kindly heart and loving smile,
Will danger from our path beguile.

But listen! yes, his horn I hear,—
The shepherd of the Glen is near;
Come, let us meet him in the grove,
And tell him of our mutual love;
Ask him to bless and share the joy
Of Bella and her minstrel boy."
Then, hand in hand, like children gay,
The harmless pair tripp'd on their way.

Cameron's Return.

THE sun had sunk; 't was near the twilight gray,
Two horsemen rode along the hawthorn way:
Lord Cameron, in splendid robes now dress'd,
With gay plumes nodding on his silver crest,
And light scarf waving with the zephyr's breath,
That, perfumed, blew across the purple heath,
Stirring the leaves, and waving to and fro
The streamers floating at his saddle-bow;
With head erect, he sat in stately mien,
Spurring his charger o'er the sloping green,
Whose rich caparisons of crimson dyes
Vied with the sinking glories of the skies;
While Walter Stienburg, pacing by his side,
Glanced round the woods, and thus, enraptured, cried:—
"Of all the scenes your highness has pass'd through,
This is, I think, most beautiful to view!
Yon towering firs, now bending in the breeze,
The sturdy oaks and spreading beechen-trees,

The blooming flowers springing far and wide,
The mossy banks and crystal streams beside,
That make sweet music as they onward flow,
And all now burnish'd with the sunset glow,
Forming a picture elegant and wild,
To please dame nature's most fastidious child."

"You speak correct; it is a lovely spot,"
Lord Cameron said, "and ne'er will be forgot;
It minds me of my younger days, for then
No place to me was dear as Hazel Glen,
When I was wont with one fair form to rove,
Who now is sleeping in the Bluebell Grove;
I would not now call up regretful tears,
Or wake the memories of buried years;
My wandering thoughts have to yon cottage flown,
That holds the gem once lost, but now my own;
And when I on her wondrous beauty dwell,
Something enwraps me like a mystic spell."
He ceased, and silently survey'd the dell.

The shepherd, who had shut his fleecy flocks
Safe in their fold, beneath the shelving rocks,
His work all done, his daily labor o'er,
Was seated, musing, by his humble door;

He, in the distance, hears a heavy tread,
The tramp of hoofs along the valley bed,
The fallen branches crackling 'neath their feet;
He takes his staff, and sallies forth to meet
His guest returning with his young Swiss friend,
And greets them, as they from the vale ascend.
Now from their weary steeds alight the twain,
And lead them slowly by the loosen'd rein,
While they, with eagerness, would stop to feed,
And crop the green tufts on the grassy mead;
But soon they rest and provender will find
In pastured fields the shady grot behind.

Meanwhile the minstrel hasten'd through the glen,
And at the wicket met his fellow-men.
That morning he had met the stag at bay,
Alone had slain him in the copsewood gray;
Now, clad in hunter's garb, and cap so trim,
With heron plumage drooping o'er the brim,
The tassel'd bugle-horn so brightly gilt,
The falchion's crook'd blade and dagger hilt
Just visible beneath the ample plaid,

Whose folds his symmetry of form display'd,
As cheerily he bounded o'er the glade;
His steps he stay'd, the stranger fair to view,
Then, bowing lowly, doff'd his bonnet blue,
And, blandly smiling, near the shepherd drew,
Who spoke in playful and familiar tones:
"Edward, this is the suitor Bella owns;
But he must seek your special favor now;
Your presence here absolves my solemn vow."

The color deepen'd on the manly cheek;
But soon the youthful bard essay'd to speak,
Check'd the emotions of his heaving breast,
And thus the waiting nobleman address'd:—
"I, as a minstrel, sought your daughter's hand,
And, though she rival any in the land,
I won the prize; her plighted faith she gave,
And I would now her father's sanction crave."

"Her will is mine," replied the Cameron;
"I freely ratify the pledge, my son."

"Enough, my lord," return'd the Rosengræme;
"For her you ask not titles, wealth, or fame;

Then be it mine to show my loyal race
Shall not the house of Cameron disgrace;
Though to your highness I'm unknown, I trow
James Duncan guess'd my secret long ago."
He paused,—the fluttering scarf aside he threw,
And from his vest a sparkling gem he drew,
With ensigns armorial 'graved thereon,
And there his name, in gilded letters, shone.

"Percy MacCormic!" the chief cried, in amaze;
"My boyhood's friend, guide of maturer days!
I loved his precepts, him I still revere,
And to my heart his son is ever dear;
Now let us sit upon this soft, green sward,
And list a lay from our illustrious bard."

"With pleasure I the dulcet muse would hail,
But let me tell a simple, truthful tale;
'T is of a faithful hound that once I knew,
That unto death was to his master true:
Since good Earl Douglas pass'd from earth
away,
Old Time had scored a twelvemonth and a day;

All wail'd for their beloved heroic chief,
But mute fidelity, consumed with grief,—
Night droops his wing, my subject should be
brief."

THE FAITHFUL HOUND.

THERE is wailing in yon castle halls,
A wail of hopeless woe;
The sudden stroke of destiny
Has laid the chieftain low.

The church bells toll a solemn knell,
And many hearts are sad
In that procession, moving slow,
In sable garments clad.

Forever, now, from human sight,
That honor'd form is hid,
And heavy falls the humid clay
Upon the coffin lid.

The weeping mourners gather round,
And parting tears are shed;

Anon, the funeral train has left
The city of the dead.

But one still lingers fondly there,
In poignant sorrow drown'd;
He will not leave his master now,—
It is the favorite hound.

He paws the earth, and wildly cries
In agony of grief;
No voice can soothe his sorrow now,
No hand can bring relief.

The sun declines, and day is wrapp'd
In Nature's dusky pall;
The stars peep out, o'er grassy beds
The soft, pale moonbeams fall;

And now a deep and piteous moan
Comes from the churchyard green,
Where, stretch'd across the new-made grave,
The faithful hound is seen.

But gathering clouds obscure in gloom
Bright evening's jewel'd crown;

The starry gems in haste retire,
The crescent moon goes down;

And shrilly winds, with mournful tone,
Sweep through the tall trees bare:
He does not heed the threatening storm,—
His master slumbers there.

Now pours the rain in torrents down
Over the fresh-turn'd sod;
With throbbing brain he frantic clings
Still closer to the clod.

The chimes have told the midnight hour;
Soon will the day-god rise,
His steeds, with feet of molten gold,
Climb up the sloping skies.

Still, day by day, the grayhound lies
Upon the cold, damp ground;
Hunger nor thirst, nor tones severe,
Can drive him from the mound.

The chieftain's kindred o'er the spot
A costly stone have placed,

And, on the polish'd marble slab,
His name and virtues traced.

Then friends, with food and coaxing words,
Entice him from the tomb,
And chain him in the wide court-yard,
Once his beloved home;

There he had sped, at early dawn,
His master first to greet,
And then with nimble, agile limbs,
Would gambol round his feet;

And when the deep-toned echoes rung
To the shrill bugle-horn,
So fleet of foot, and strong and bold,
He led the chase at morn.

And now they seek to win him back
Again to his old sports;
They lead him to his favorite haunts
Within the spacious courts.

"Rouse, Fleeta, rouse," his keeper calls;
His pleadings are in vain;

No more he'll chase the mountain deer,
He'll never hunt again.

Now gladsome children frolic near
To lure him to their play;
Their sympathy is lost on him;
His thoughts are far away.

Summer and autumn fade by turns,
Chill winter's sun is set,
And spring returns, in blooming dress,
But he does not forget.

A year has pass'd; the grayhound still
For his loved master pines;
And, should the stranger notice him,
He looks, and sadly whines.

Kindred the chieftain's name revere,
But time will grief remove;
The drooping head and wasting form
Tell of undying love.

They speak in gentle, soothing tones,
Unlock his heavy chain,

And, bursting from his prison-house,
He bounds across the plain.

"Stay, Fleeta, stay," his keeper cries;
He does not heed the call;
The portal gate is clear'd, and now
He leaps the churchyard wall.

With panting breath and heaving chest
He there exhausted lies;
He snuffs the breeze, then feebly crawls
To that dear spot, and dies.

The morning sun rose beautiful,
And zephyrs waft perfume,
Where dead the faithful grayhound lay
Upon his master's tomb.

"Alas! poor dog!" the Cameron began;
"Yes, Douglas was a pattern nobleman;
The tartan plaid, flung loosely o'er his breast,
The honor'd chieftain of his tribe confess'd:
Were he in danger placed, his chosen clan
Would risk their lives to save him, to a man.

I saw him once preparing for the chase,
When every muscle moved with ease and grace;
Equipp'd in hunting suit of emerald hue,
His trusty blade he from the scabbard drew,
And, waving it in circles round his head,
He said, ''neath this good sword the deer lies dead;'
He blew a blast upon his gilded horn,
And answering echoes from the rocks were borne;
The yelping pack soon to the courtyard came,
And bay'd, in eagerness to spring the game;
His mettled steed was bounding o'er the plain,
He raised his arm and grasp'd the flowing mane;
Snuffing the ground, he toss'd the foam on high,—
'Be still, my Arab, rest that fiery eye;'
These magic words had wrought the wish'd-for spell:
He stood, as docile as the tamed gazelle;
Douglas bow'd gaily to the regal train,
His foot in stirrup placed, then seized the rein,
And, vaulting lightly in the saddle, shook
His nodding plumes, and dash'd across the brook,
Then paused a moment on the distant shore,
And waved his hand; I never saw him more.

Oft I have thought upon that morning bright,
When I stood gazing on that gallant knight;
And though in kingly courts I much have been,
A statelier figure I have seldom seen."

"Come," said the shepherd, "dew is falling now;
The evening meal is waiting, too, I know;
Within my cot we will find food and rest,
And each one here will be a welcome guest.
Now Agnes, anxious, taps the window pane,
And Bella's smiling face peeps out again;
Come, ere they grow impatient of delay."
And, rising from the sod, he led the way.

The Social Circle.

SHEPHERD.

"WELL, Edward, you have seen your kinsman; now
What is the result of your interview?
Did he surrender rights and title-deeds,
And give all up to your superior claims?
Did he your wrongs acknowledge at the first,
Or think you some imposter, only come
To dispossess him of his feudal lands?
Come, tell us your adventures there, I pray."

CAMERON.

"I will, good sire; and, 'tween him and me
The feud is now all settled amicably:
The shades of evening began to fall
Along the corridors and castle wall
When I approach'd the home of years gone by,
Where, in the marble hall, sat silently
My hapless relative, so sad and lone,
Brooding o'er hours of peace forever flown;

When, unannounced, I stood before the door,
He shriek'd, and sunk in terror on the floor;
Then in a wild bewilderment seem'd lost,
And stared on me as if upon a ghost,
While his attendants rush'd, with one accord,
To give assistance to their prostrate lord.
But, wonderstruck, old servants on me gazed;
The others stood, affrighted and amazed.
'My master!' cried the steward; and the crowd,
In quick succession, in obeisance bow'd;
My outstretch'd hand they now grasp'd one by one,
Then all retired, and left us there alone;
I drew this precious symbol from my vest;
He look'd a moment on the well-known crest,
And Owen Cameron sobb'd on my breast,
Like a poor child, who, friendless and alone,
Clings to the first who speaks in soothing tone."

SHEPHERD.

"How acted he when you the subject broach'd
Of his kidnapping Bella in the woods,
And of her swift delivery from his power?

Did he deny the charge, or brave your wrath?
I fain would now his vindication hear."

CAMERON.

"He never meant to risk the maiden's life;
He only wish'd her for young Lochiel's wife:
With secret schemes his mind was ever rife,
To place her safely in some unknown spot
Until the circumstance should be forgot;
This union the title would secure,
And to his house it would my wealth insure.
At eve he hasten'd to the cave alone,
But, sad to him, the captive bird had flown
He knew not where; and when his home he sought,
His ready pen the fabrication wrought.
Then gaunt misfortune stalk'd along his path,
The sure enkindling of just Heaven's wrath:
His wife and daughter both had droop'd and died,
And left him desolate amid his pride;
But when his only son fell 'neath the stroke,
It crush'd his spirits, and his heartstrings broke.

No one to soothe him with kind pity's voice;
No child remain'd to bid him still rejoice;
Of all the blood that warm'd his throbbing veins,[6]
No single drop a human heart contains;
Bereft of kindred, and his friends all gone,
Sad and disconsolate, he dwells alone;
He has repented of his sore misdeeds;
Still, with remorse, his wounded bosom bleeds,
And still upon the poison'd venom feeds.
Then let us strive to bid his sorrows cease,
Forgive his faults, and let his end be peace."

SHEPHERD.

"With all my heart I would his faults forgive,
And, as a brother, offer him my hand,
And speak consoling words, that he may know
I bear no malice, but forget the wrong
That he has practiced this dear child against.
And Agnes, too, I know, will freely share
With us to mitigate his bitter woes;
But let this matter rest. Now, Rosengræme,
Attune your harp, and with sweet music cheer."

MINSTREL.

"I readily comply with your request;
Then let all here intruding cares forget;
Come, Bella, wake thy lute from its long rest,
And join me in this favorite duett."

SONG.—MARY OF BURGUNDY.

YES, I will sing to thee, lady,
Of days when we were young,
When we wander'd light and joyous,
With not a nerve unstrung;
We rode through Hannut forest,
And roam'd by silver streams,
And in the palace garden
Lay down to pleasant dreams.

But now the scene is changed, lady;
A tear bedims thine eye;
And from thy heaving bosom
There comes a stifled sigh;

Our kindred ties are sever'd
By cruel fate's decree,
And dearest friends are banish'd
Far o'er the foaming sea.

But brush the tears away, lady;
A better day will come,
When brighter flowers will blossom
Around thy native home;
Burgundy's jewel'd coronet
Is resting on thy brow,
And time will ease the sorrow
That is so poignant now.

SHEPHERD.

"Well sung, dear children; 't is a pensive air,
But sadly sweet to me. Now, Cameron,
We will give audience; what is your request?"

CAMERON.

"When angry surges wash'd me on the strand,
Young Walter drew me to the solid land,
Convey'd me in his arms across the beach,
O'er beds of shifting sand, far from the reach

Of breakers white, that with incessant roar
Broke in wild fury on the wreck-strewn shore;
To him my life I owe; and for his sake
I now to him some recompense would make.
You are too old, good sire, to lead the flocks,
But, young and nimble, he can scale the rocks;
Give up your charge, and let him here abide,
And you at Stirling peacefully reside;
He soon will bring a partner to the cot,
To share his labors and to cheer his lot."

SHEPHERD.

"Oh no; I cannot leave the Hazel Glen,
For its associations, known so long,
Both sad and pleasant are to memory.
Your kindness, Edward, I will not forget,
But let me now this proposition make:
If Walter Stienburg will remain with me,
And, as a son, assist me to perform
My various duties, and to till the soil,
A quiet, happy home he here shall find.
Your daughter, now, needs naught that I possess;
And when dear Agnes and myself are gone
To sleep beneath the green sod, side by side,

I'll leave my little property to him;
When he shall wish to bring his chosen bride,
We'll give her welcome to our humble cot;
Does this induce you to abide with us?"

WALTER.

"Oh, my good sire,
This unexpected bounty is too much!
Mine eyes run o'er with tears; I fain would weep;
And my dear Mary, who, for love of me,
Has left her native land to brave the storm
And share my exile in an untried clime,
Will long remember your benevolence.
May peace and comfort crown your sunset days!
And we will strive our duty to fulfill
As grateful children; guard with watchful care,
And guide your tottering steps."

SHEPHERD.

"That is sufficient,—Cameron, no more;
Though I may visit you in Stirling town,
My own loved home is in the Hazel Glen.
Give me the bagpipes, Walter, I would sing."

THE COTTAGE HOME.

SEEST thou yon cot, where the bright sun is shining
Upon the creeping vines that hang the casement o'er,
And where the sweet jassamine is entwining
The lattice-work that shades the humble door?
That is my home; there honeysuckles, blowing,
Waft their rich fragrance to the desert air;
There budding shrubs and scented plants are growing,
And by the streamlet droops the lily fair.

Upon the broomy heath cowslips are springing,
With snow-drops white, and blue forget-me-not;
The multiflora, too, is closely clinging,
With the fond ivy, to the moss-grown cot;
There Sharon's rose, and lilies of the valley,
Around my arbor faithfully do bloom;
The crimson daisies shoot along the alley,
And hawthorn blossoms shed a sweet perfume;

The clustering grape twines round my garden bower,
Mingling its tendrils with eglantine;

Here little songsters chirp from hour to hour,
And build their soft nests in the leafy vine;
The fleecy flocks in quietude are straying
'Mong the fresh pastures on the sloping hills;
And frisking lambkins, too, are sportive playing
Along the margins of the rippling rills;

The stately firs their slender tops are waving,
And spreading beech-trees crown the grassy mount;
And there the weeping willow, too, is laving
Its drooping branches in the placid fount;
The silver moon seems here to shine more brightly,
And stars more brilliant glitter in the sky;
The dusky canopy to fall more lightly,
To me less harsh the rook's incessant cry.

When first the sun through purple clouds is shining,
The lark salutes him from her downy nest,
And the lone nightingale, at his declining,
His requiem sings in the refulgent west.
No, my loved home! I would not change my station
For all the wealth that monarchs may command,
For all the pomp and splendor in creation,
Or any royal kingdom in the land.

Here I would stay, beside the crystal fountain,
Until the current of my life decays.
I would not give the view from yonder mountain
For all the grandeur that a court displays;
At eve I sit beneath the wide-spread willow,
The starry firmament to muse upon;
When night draws on, I hie me to my pillow,
And sweetly slumber till approaching dawn.

I rest contented; though Time points his finger,
And bows the pillars of my humble dome,
Yet I've no wish but until death to linger
Within the shelter of my Cottage Home."

CAMERON.

"Well, good sire, I've nothing more to say;
Now let us speak of this important day:
The lamb must suffer, and the moorfowl bleed,
To spread a banquet for the coming need;
And ruby wines and summer fruits afford
Their rich supplies to crown the festal board.
This room is ample for our wedding cheer,—
I will invite the guests to meet us here;
Peasant and noble, both alike shall come
To share the bounty of your cottage home.

Some foreign friends have late arrived, I see;
They too shall mingle in our revelry,
Unite, as brethren, with our social band,
To swell the song of Scotia's hallow'd land.
And, may God's mercy on us all abide,
And bless the nuptials of our bonny bride!"

SHEPHERD.

"Wild game should grace our banquet, Cameron:
A famous archer is our minstrel bard;
With dexterous hand he wings the feather'd dart;
With quiver full of arrows, and his bow,
I've seen him through the tangled thicket creep
To watch the panting hare fly her retreat.
His skillful aim our savory supper made;
This morning, as I turn'd the jutting cliff,
A frighten'd deer came bounding o'er my path,
But when I gain'd Ben Lomond's western side,
Our gallant hunter had his prowess proved:
There lay the bleeding victim at his feet;
His dappled hide and branching horns are hung
O'er Bella's seat, in her loved greenwood bower,
(Where these rich clusters of the grape were cull'd;)

To-morrow eve my honor'd guests will see
A haunch hot steaming on my humble board."

CAMERON.

"The antler'd monarch of the lonely woods
At early dawn quits his deep solitudes,
And to the mountain top repairs with speed,
On the green boughs and tender grass to feed;
Then, at the daybreak, we will give him chase,
And hope, ere noon, to triumph in the race;
His trophies, then, these cottage walls shall grace;
To join the sport, come, comrades, one and all,
Awake by times to hear the bugle call."

MINSTREL.

"I have a friend who loves the sport full well,
And he will meet us in the Birchen Dell;
His hounds are matchless, and his prancing steed
As yet unrival'd for both strength and speed;
With his companions I will bid him come;
Now I must hasten to his distant home.
The moon is up to guide me with her light,
And I will bid adieu to all,—good-night!"

CAMERON.

"Come, Rosengræme, my worthy minstrel boy,
And dearest Bella, daughter of my joy,
In sacred pledge, come, join your willing hands,
And never break the solemn marriage bands.
Oh may your cup with happiness o'erflow,
And ne'er the bitterness of sorrow know;
No pibroch sounds to call us to the wars,
No dismal coronach our pleasure mars,
And, trusting all will be cheerful and gay,
May God now grant a pleasant wedding-day!"

The Bridal.

THE kirk-bells are ringing at dawning of day,
The lassies are singing so joyous and gay,
As Bella appears in her bridal array:
The white satin vesture as spotless and pure
As the heart that is beating the soft folds beneath,
And the fairest of flowers that grew on the moor
Were cull'd in their bloom for adorning the wreath;
And the gossamer veil, loop'd with sweet orange blossoms,
Is floating around her with fairy-like wings,
And the bridesmen and maidens are gracing their bosoms
With the choicest exotics a crested page brings.

He pass'd through the aisle, all festoon'd with roses,
A gemm'd casket placing the altar beside,

And, to the astonish'd assembly, discloses,
From noble MacCormic, a gift for the bride:
A bandeau of diamonds to circle her curls,
And ornaments splendid of ruby and gold
The brooch and the bracelet, a necklace of pearls,
And jewels most precious and grand to behold;

A brilliant ring gleams on her finger so brightly,—
The blessings of Hymen are true love and peace;
And the groom now steps out, with his plumes nodding lightly,
And silken plaid thrown o'er his shoulders with ease.

Their vows have been spoken, the marriage is over,
The glance of his bright eyes his rapture bespeaks,
While proudly and fondly she smiles on her lover,
Till a soft, modest blush is suffusing her cheeks.

In prayer for their happiness all have bow'd lowly,
And warm salutations been given by friends;

The hymn has been chanted, in strains sweet and holy,
And to the green valley the party descends;
While around her is drooping the transparent lace,
And gracefully stooping, a glow on her face,
Fair Bella goes forth a bride from the place.

The Wedding Party.

In good James Duncan's ample cot
Assembled guests appear;
The board is clear'd, and all have shared
The rich, abundant cheer.

Beside her partner Bella sits
With graceful ease the while,
Like sunshine, o'er her features plays
A witching, happy smile.

The merry bridesmaids teasingly,
(Though out of place it seem,)
With importunity, demand
A speech from Rosengræme.

At length, with jocund laugh, he rose,
And, bowing to each guest,
In this monotonous, sing-song tune,
The party thus address'd:—

THE BRIDEGROOM'S ADDRESS.

"Thanks for your pleasant company,
My lords and ladies here;
And you, my worthy peasantry,
I give you hearty cheer.

"Some of our chosen friends, I see,
To other climes belong,
And with us have assembled here
To swell the festive throng.

"I see the Frenchman's mustached lip,
The whisker'd German knight,
A harper from Hibernia,
An earl from England bright;

"The noble Spaniard I behold,
A Switzer peasant boy,
Our shepherds, and our Scottish chiefs,
Pastor, and maidens coy.

"And as around our humble board
These sister nations sat,

All, in the bonds of brotherhood,
Join'd in the social chat.

"I, as a minstrel bard, have won
The fair one by my side;
To guard and comfort her shall be,
In after years, my pride.

"I've rambled o'er the mountain's top
To court the goddess health;
'T is better far, than wear the chains
Of that false tyrant wealth;

"Though I've a goodly castle, sirs,
And park, in Lauderdale,
Plantations in the country,
Rich pastures in the vale.

"Then let us pledge, in ruby wine,
Our cherish'd ladies bright;
Now, raise the goblet to your lips,
Peasant and honor'd knight:

"There's not a sweeter blossom
Among the sons of men;

I drink to thee, my bonny bride,
The Rose of Hazel Glen.

"You see, I am no orator,
Cannot a sermon preach,
But, as sure as she's a Cameron,
I'll ask a song from each."

"A Cameron! a Cameron!"
A burly chieftain cried;
"If she is of that famed house
You've won a noble bride!

"I know Lord Edward anxiously
Is searching for his heir;
Then is our gentle shepherdess
A high-born lady fair?"

"I would that he were here to-night,"
The Earl of Dunmore said;
"For if there 's one resembles him,
It is this beauteous maid.

"As it elates the Christian true
At virtue's shrine to bow,
So it would grace a coronet
To place it on her brow."

At this a stately chief arose,
And, to the guests' surprise,
He tore a masque from off his face,
And flung aside disguise;

Then threw his doublet open wide,
Where, sparkling on his breast,
Both his escutcheon and his badge
Display'd the Cameron crest.

"And I am here, my friend," he said,
"To claim my daughter fair;
And of a goodly heritage,
She is the lawful heir.

"This tender plant, my precious gem,
For years was lost to me;
Now she is found, and we will cheer
The bride with minstrelsy.

"Now, good Sir Patrick O'Karney,
Your voice is clear and strong,
As you are a jolly Irishman,
I'll beg of you a song."

He bow'd assent, and o'er the harp
His practiced hand he flings,
While the attentive listeners
Sit silent, as he sings,—

GREEN ERIN.

"And sure, I was born in the Emerald Isle,
Where the Shannon's rough waves are dashing,
And I've stood on the shores of Dingle Bay
When the ocean's white surf was splashing.
You would laugh in your sleeve, if ever you heard
How I mingled the brogue with my blarney,
And with my shillalah a bog-trotter beat,
When a boy, on the banks of Killarney.
O Erin, green Erin, is ever my home,—
I live near the Lake of Killarney.

"The mix'd rose of England is thorny, I ween;
Like false friends, Scotch thistles are stinging;
But the shamrock grows smooth as a fair maiden's cheek,
When its soft-tinted blossoms are springing;

And all the fine folks in Edinburgh town
Care not for Saint Pat or Saint Barney,
But the priests in old Dublin will worship their names
While the mossy turf grows in Killarney.
O Erin, green Erin, is ever my home,—
Let me dwell on the banks of Killarney.

"Your lofty Ben Nevis, and Grampian hills,
You have grandly surnamed your Highlands;
Let me hear the sound from the Rock Eagle's Nest,[7]
That re-echoes among the Islands.
I've roam'd o'er the heaths, the braes, and the moors,
But give me the sweet Groves of Blarney;
I've seen your Loch Leven, Loch Ness, and Loch Tay,
Still they are not like the Lake of Killarney.
O Erin, green Erin, is ever my home,—
Let me sleep by the side of Killarney.

"Your lads they are bold, your lassies are fair,
And bright as the dews of the morning;

Their hearts are as pure as the bridal wreath
Our dear lady's brow now adorning;
But one that I love is now waiting for me,
And as sure as my name is O'Karney,
I'll stay 'till this merry wedding is o'er,
Then hurry me back to Killarney.
O Erin, green Erin, is ever my home,—
Let me rest by the Lake of Killarney."

CAMERON.

"We a health to old Ireland give,
And success to your wooing at home.
Earl Dunmore, my noble colleague,
You next on the list will now come."

EARL DUNMORE.

"To me the musician's part
Is as sweet as a fair maiden's dream;
As Sir Patrick his country extols,
So dear England shall be my theme.

MERRY ENGLAND.

"From the shores of merry England
To Scotia's vale I come;
But the land of my forefathers
Will ever be my home,
For there, I well remember,
One evening clear and bright,
I knelt before our crowned king
And rose a belted knight;
And though I wander far away,
Or cross the foaming sea,
The shores of merry England
I'll welcome joyously.

"The banner of dear England
Floats o'er the free and brave,
And her unconquer'd navy
Is riding on the wave;
Her soldiers' hearts are valiant,
Her sailors true and strong,
The fame of chivalrous exploits
Unto her sons belong;

Above our glorious kingdom
The star of Freedom smiles,
And the lion flag of England
Will guard her sister isles.

"The huntsmen of old England
All hail the bugle-horn
That calls them forth upon the hills
To seek the stag at morn;
The nimble-footed greyhounds
Swift follow in the chase,
And the sprightly, gallant coursers
All strive to win the race;
'Mid the loud shouts of victory
Now falls the stricken deer,—
For the huntsmen of old England
I ask your hearty cheer."

CAMERON.

"Your spirited, soul-cheering lay
Deserves our mutual applause.
The Count de Marencie will next
Enlist in the glorious cause."

DE MARENCIE.

"My lord, my performance so rude
Would scarce make the sly monkey dance,
But the compliment I will accept,
And give you a lyric of France.

SUNNY FRANCE.

"Monsieurs, I was born in sunny France,
Where the Seine's bright waters dance,
While on its bosom's broad expanse
The gallant vessels ride;
And in the freshening evening gale
Here flutters many a snowy sail,
Waiting the favoring winds to hail
That speeds them o'er the tide.
All Paris, 'neath the sunset skies,
Seems wrapp'd in sparkling flame,
And gilding, with its rainbow dyes,
The towers of Notre Dame.

"The tourist there will pause to view
The grand Imperial Fontainbleau;

The balustrades and columns, too,
Are splendid to behold;
He treads along the marble halls,
Then gazes on the stuccoed walls,
And there a crystal fountain falls
Bright as a shower of gold.
Great Charlemagne, with mighty hand,[8]
Uprear'd our Oriflamme,
Where, like colossal guardians, stand
The towers of Notre Dame.

"The gorgeous Luxemburg is seen,
Built by our noble banish'd queen,[9]
With terraces and gardens green
And flowers of every shade,
In honor of kings and heroes gone,
And tell us of their victories won;
Triumphal arch you look upon,
And sculptured colonade.
And the Louvre and Tuileries[10]
Are not unknown to fame,
And far above the whole he sees
The towers of Notre Dame.

"I've travel'd through the German States,
I've cross'd Gibraltar's angry straits,
And pass'd Alhambra's guarded gates
To see the palace grand;
I've view'd Saint Peter's Church at Rome,
And enter'd many a lordly dome,
But sunny France is still my home,—
My own dear native land;
And when my wanderings here shall cease,
May I, like streamlet calm,
Beneath thy shadows rest in peace,
Loved towers of Notre Dame."

CAMERON.

"In the exquisite taste he displays,
We all from the Frenchman may learn.
Now, Rudolph Von Strahlhiem, I pray,
You will take up the harp in your turn."

RUDOLPH.

"It affords me much pleasure, my lord,
To visit this rural abode;
As I am a poet, dear friend,
I'll give you a plain German ode.

A GERMAN ODE.

"I came from wide Germany hence,
(The occasion this theme demands;)
I was born in the City of Mentz
Where Guttemburg's monument stands;
The type he invented, and then[11]
From the press the fair letters start,
And the scribe's laborious pen
Is relieved by the printing art.

"From whence do the loud thunders come,
That roar on the field of strife,
When the clang of the rolling drum
Drowns the groans of departing life?
Though the heavy artillery's crash
Has made her thousands to weep,
Yet the signal guns brightly flash
When booming along the deep.

"The clock, with its swift-flying wheels,
Is marking out each hour's chime,
While o'er its face silently steals
The busy fingers of Time;

These arts to the Germans you owe,—
Then a health to each social band;
And may God a blessing bestow,
And guard my dear fatherland."

CAMERON.

"As master of ceremonies
I ask for our friend three cheers.
And now, from the regions far north,
This youth in our presence appears.
Now, Walter, your instrument take,
And sing of your icy domains,
So the light-footed damsels may rest,
And listen awhile to your strains."

AN EPISODE.

"From the frozen north I've come,
Frome ice-bound Switzerland,
Where glaciers, with glistening arms,[12]
Like giant guardsmen stand;
While heavy avalanches slide[13]
And overwhelm the land.

"Amid this wilderness of snow
The hamlet lies forlorn,
The shepherd now, with sadden'd voice,
Awakes the Alpine horn;[14]
For stranger forms are gather'd round
The spot where I was born.

"But Scotia's sons have dried the tear,
And bade me freely come
And share with them the social joys
Of my adopted home;
Yet Switzerland I still revere,
Though I in exile roam.

"The monarch of the lofty Alps,[15]
Crown'd with eternal snows,
Catches the morning's first bright glance,
With eve's last blushes glows,
And the *lavanges*, sweeping down,[16]
A flood of crystal flows.

"Thy scenery is beautiful!
Thy lakes and mountains grand!

May Heaven still its bounty shed
On this dishearten'd land!
And I will ne'er forget thy name,
My native Switzerland."

CAMERON.

"Our minstrel bridegroom, you know,
Has given us each a task;
Now, Don Fernando, a song,
In the name of the bride, I ask."

DON FERNANDO.

"In music I am not well skill'd;
In singing, my voice would fail;
But I cannot refuse your request,
So will tell you a true Spanish tale:
The Moor from his country was driven,
Compell'd in sad exile to roam;
But long'd, while in foreign dominions,
To visit his dear native home.

THE MOORISH MAID'S RETURN.

"Far out on the rolling tide,
Where yawning breakers ride,
A home-bound vessel cleaves the Atlantic main;
And so smoothly does she glide,
One leans o'er her sea-wash'd side,
And, in perspective, views the shores of sunny Spain.

"He speaks in accents low:
'Why do these tear-drops flow?
See, now, the lofty peak of Teneriffe,
In the sun's resplendent glow;
The Canary Isles I know,
And, far away, Gibraltar rocks rise cliff on cliff.'

"The Moorish maiden fair
Flings back her raven hair,
Whose glossy ringlets cluster round her brow.
'Yes; I breathe the perfumed air
From isles of spices rare:
My Andalusian home, I am longing for thee now;

"'Thy groves and orange bowers,
Sweet fruits, and blooming flowers
That waft delicious fragrance on the breeze;
There, in the moonlight hours,
To view thy gilded towers,
And list the moaning winds sigh through the lofty trees.'

"Within Granada's walls
The Moor for freedom calls,
And bows beneath the Spaniard's iron sway;
In Alhambra's marble halls,
Where the lion's fountain falls,
Our heart-sick monarch paused to wipe a tear away.[17]

"'No kindred friends have I;
In exile I must die,
Or live in slavery with my country's foe.'
Tears bedim the lustrous eye,
And the bosom heaves a sigh,
As a gentle lady strives to soothe the orphan's woe.

"She speaks, in tones so clear:
'Weep not, Theresa dear,
Fernando's mother offers thee a home;'

And the Christian knight draws near
And bends a listening ear;
'From thy ancestral halls thou ne'er again shall roam.'

"'My love, cease to repine,
My childhood's home is thine.'
But clouds are gathering o'er them thick and dark,
And a storm-forboding sign
Marks the lurid sun's decline;
Still through the misty gloom speeds on the gallant bark.

"Now, in the freshening gale
That spreads her snowy sail,
She proudly rides the ocean like a swan;
But the stoutest heart shall fail,
And the glowing cheek turn pale,
Ere that expectant crew shall hail the morning dawn.

"O'er the dark waters vast,
Amid the raging blast,
Before the demon of the storm she flies,

And the sailors stand aghast
Beside the splinter'd mast,
While fork'd lightnings flash athwart the sombre skies.

"Toss'd on the bounding wave,
These mariners so brave,
Scan anxiously the troubled billows o'er;
'Save us, holy Allah! save
From this dread watery grave,'
In wild heart-piercing shrieks are echo'd to the shore.

"There, on the oaken deck
Of that storm-shatter'd wreck,
Join'd hand in hand, the mournful trio stand;
But their feelings who shall check,
When far distant, like a speck,
A signal-boat appears, receding from the land?

"The noble Spanish youth
Upholds the gospel truth,
And lifts his voice to heaven in fervent prayer;

'T is a touching scene, forsooth,—
Like Naomi kind, and Ruth,
Clasp'd in each other's arms, the dame and maiden fair.

"'Theresa dear!' he cries,
'Now raise thy streaming eyes,
And say the blessed Saviour shall be thine;'
And the Moorish maid replies,
'He is holy, just, and wise;
Oh yes; Fernando's God shall be forever mine.'

"Safe in that shallop light,
Their dark eyes gleaming bright,
The rescued three speed on their homeward way;
And they view in calm delight,
O'er the breakers foaming white,
Their destined haven near the port of Malaga.

"In their loved home again,
The halls of sunny Spain,
Fernando, with Theresa by his side,
Now walks the dewy plain;
Ere the summer moon did wane
The gallant Christian knight had won her for his bride."

CAMERON.

"The worthy representatives
Of Europe's nations strong,
Have tuned their notes; and now, good sire,
The favor of a song."

SHEPHERD.

"Give me the bagpipes; Scotia's sons
Love its inspiring lays;
It 'minds me of my home lang syne,—
I'll sing of other days.

BONNY SCOTLAND.

"In bonny Scotland I first breathed the air,
The pebbly Tweed beside;
My father was a yeoman good,
Born on the banks of Clyde;
I learn'd to dance the Highland fling
Ere I had number'd ten,
Then wander'd here in my youthful prime,
To live in the Hazel Glen;

And I built me here a cottage home
In this sweet Hazel Glen.

"I merrily sung on mountain brow,
And whistled in thoughtless joy,
When I watch'd the flocks on Cheviot's hills,—
A blithesome shepherd boy;
I twang'd the harp and piped the flute,
A happy minstrel then;
But now I'm feeble, care-worn, and old,
And live in the Hazel Glen:
Oh take me not from my cottage home
Here in the Hazel Glen.

"I long'd to tread Britannia's shore,
And cross'd the flowing tide,
To look on the field of Flodden, where[18]
Our patriot monarch died;
And there I met a bonny lass,
And more, if you would ken,
I brought my beloved to Scotia, soon
To live in this Hazel Glen:
Then let me stay in my cottage home
In this dear Hazel Glen."

CAMERON.

"Our welcome guest has touch'd the harp,
And, with both heart and hand,
Some flattering description gives
Of his own native land.

"And it is so with all mankind;
Where'er his steps may roam,
He turns from all the glittering world
To muse on scenes at home.

"In peace and plenty though he dwell,
Or wanderer forlorn,
The dearest spot to him on earth
Is that where he was born.

"Placed in the balance, side by side,
Where Faith with Hope still vies,
The love of country turns the scales,
And outweighs human ties.

"This subject, and your sentiments,
This little poem combines,
And, though the evening is far spent,
I'll read these favorite lines.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

"My native land,—this magic name,
Like a flash from the upper sphere,
Thrills to the heart as electric flame;
'T is the home we prize more dear
Than costly gems, or pearls beset,
Bestow'd by courteous hand:
No pleasure should teach us to forget
Our own loved native land.

"Though we should leave our home, to ride
O'er Greenland's waste of snow,
Or mount the rugged Etna's side
To view the scene below;
And thence from Sicily, to sail
To India's coral strand,
To breathe the soft and spicy gale
Of Ceylon's distant land;

"To stand and see the peasant's flock
On Scotland's mountains blue,
Or climb the side of Lapland's rock
The meek reindeer to view;

In blooming Italy to dwell,
Or in Rome's palace grand,
We'd long to bid the scene farewell,
And seek our native land.

"What though we live in courts of kings,
Where pomp and splendor reign,
Where peal of merry laughter rings,
And music's swelling strain
Sounds through the gay and lighted hall
Where kings and princes stand;
This glittering grandeur soon must call
To mind our native land.

"If we should dream of shady bowers
Where fairy creatures dwell,
Who tread on beds of golden flowers
'Neath the enchanter's spell;
If we could bend Diana's bow,
Or strike the magic wand,
Soon, soon our waking thoughts would know
'T was not our native land.

"The pirate's vessel sails so light
O'er Gambia's swelling flood,

Her savage crew, in dead of night,
Stain Afric's shores with blood:
The hapless slave, chain'd in the hold[19]
By this ferocious band,
Then to the heartless planter sold,
Far from his native land;

"There doom'd to toil, by fate's decree,
In hopeless, lingering pain,
Beneath the lash of destiny
To wear the galling chain:
No more to view the sunny spot
Where Afric's golden sand
Rolls down beside his cheerful cot
In his own native land.

"The hoary pilgrim far away
Ascends the rugged hill,
Or stops to rest at close of day
Beside a murmuring rill;
No friend to cheer his solitude
Or lend a pitying hand,
While thus he sits, in lonely mood,
Far from his native land.

"He thinks of home—his long-left home—
Far o'er the dark-blue seas,
Where he was wont, in youth, to roam
Among the forest trees;
He looks above the shades of even,
Where all is bright and grand,
And hopes the righteous Lord of heaven
Will bless his native land.

"The lonely exile, doom'd to spend
His life in distant gloom,
(But, ere his feeble hopes descend
To moulder in the tomb,)
He prays to Him who reigns above,
Who rules and gives command,
Who rides on shadowy wings of love,
To save his native land.

"The hardy sailor quits his home
To seek a foreign coast,
Where, wrestling with the dashing foam,
His gallant bark is lost;
While, dash'd by the rude swelling wave
Against the rocky strand,

He weeps to find a watery grave
Far from his native land.

"The soldier fights, his land to save,
But soon is forced to yield,
And, by savages rude and brave,
Borne from the battle-field;
Doom'd in captivity to die,
Chain'd 'mid the desert sand,
He looks to Him who dwells on high
To free his native land.

"My native land, that name so dear,
Thrills to the rambler's heart;
And when no soothing friend is near
It bids the tear-drop start;
The dying widow looks above,
And lifts her feeble hand,
Yet hopes to meet, in that bless'd grove,
One lost to his native land.

"And this loved home must pass away;
But in the realms on high

There is a house, not built of clay,
Eternal in the sky.
Then let us hope, when we before
Omnipotence shall stand,
That we may dwell for evermore
In that thrice-happy land."

LORD DUNMORE.

"Why is our hostess so cast down
Amid these social joys?
To see the tears of sorrow flow,
Our happiness alloys."

AGNES.

"I would not check this lively mirth,
Nor damp your spirits gay,
But this sweet music brings to mind
Poor Jennie's wedding-day."

SHEPHERD.

"Softly, my Agnes; do not give
The Cameron useless pain;
For Bella's sake forget the past,
Regretful thoughts restrain.

My youthful vigor seems renew'd;
My heart is light and free;
Then calm your feelings, Agnes dear,
And take a turn with me."

Against the casement, musingly,
A stately youth reclined,
Whose ever-varying countenance
Reveal'd a restless mind;
Then, looking on the groom intent,
In confidence he spoke:
"The inward promptings of the heart
Does now my voice provoke;

"Now twice a pleasing marvel
Has open'd wide our eyes,
And, if my judgment faileth not,
We'll have a third surprise;
Of close-resembling features
I am a connoisseur,
And Rosengræme, the minstrel,
Is Lord MacCormic, sure."

"Good cousin, you have said the truth,"
The bridegroom quick replied;

And from his shoulders flung the plaid,
The silken scarf untied,
Then, from beneath the satin vest
The gleaming star he drew,
And, symbols of his noble house,
Armorial bearings true;
Then, at a sign, a page appears,
And weapons bright display'd,
His name upon the dagger hilt,
On broadsword's trusty blade.
Peasant and lord, and lady fair,
In mute amazement rise,
And Bella gazed incredulously,
With wonder's glistening eyes.

MacCormic.

"The romance-loving Ronald, too,
Our worthy shepherd knows,
Who, in his boyhood, saw the bud
Of this sweet blooming rose.
I ask'd her fairy hand in pledge,
But he the boon denied;
I knew not then her kindred were
To royalty allied.

Forgive it all, my gentle one,
The test has truly shown,
Amid the gay and glittering throng,
Your love was mine alone."

BELLA.

"Oh yes! thine only, thine through life:
'T is like a raptured dream;
To others Lord MacCormic be,
To me you are Rosengræme."

MACCORMIC.

"Ay; and through life I'll comfort thee,
My precious Lowland flower;
And all will here a blessing give
To crown our nuptial hour."

SHEPHERD.

"These pleasant festivities, friends,
With pleasure we would prolong,
But time passes swiftly away
When cheer'd on by dance and song;
No face in this loved company
Must wear a trace of sorrow,

So we will bid adieu, and hope
To meet again to-morrow."

CAMERON.

"God grant these kindly auspices
True happiness betide;
Now Isabella Cameron
Is Lord MacCormic's bride."

The Finale.

ADIEU, sweet harp, thy minstrel now no more
May roam disconsolate from the haunts of men,
Nor linger, musing, on Loch Lomond's shore,
Or wander sadly through the Hazel Glen;
No more he sits beside the King Bird's Fount
To ponder on the scene from hour to hour;
No more he clambers up the rocky mount
To gaze, far down, upon the Grapevine Bower.
The wedding is o'er; farewell to the bride,
The love of fond hearts may she ever possess;
May good-will and joy in the castle abide,
And peace and contentment the cottagers bless!

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 14.

"And those who did the second-sight revere,
Had look'd upon him as a holy seer."

For an account of the second-sight, and the superstitions of the Scotch in past ages, see "Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland," p. 311.

NOTE 2, PAGE 19.

"Here he could see the country far and wide."

From the heights of Ben Lomond may be seen the eastern shore as far as the Cheviot Hills; the Isles of Bute and Arran; the Rock of Ailsa; Ireland; the Mountains of Plinlimmon in Wales; the Skiddaw, in Cumberland, etc.—*Scott's Gazetteer.*

NOTE 3, PAGE 37.

"In the rich pastures near the amber lakes."

Some of the lakes of Scotland are so clear and transparent they are called the Amber Lakes.—*History.*

NOTE 4, PAGE 44.

"I am no prophet, and events to come
Cast not their shadows ere the appointed time
For my dim eyes to see."

The ancient Scotch believed their seers (or those endowed with the second-sight) could see events long before they came to pass.—*History.*

NOTE 5, PAGE 44.

"Then place no confidence in wavering dreams."

For a particular account of the different causes of dreams, see "Lectures of Dr. Benjamin Rush, on Physiology."

NOTE 6, PAGE 183.

"Of all the blood that warm'd his throbbing veins,
No single drop a human heart contains."

The celebrated Indian Chief Logan, after the massacre of all his family by Colonel Cresap, says, in the speech sent to Lord Dunmore, "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature; Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

NOTE 7, PAGE 203.

"Let me hear the sound from the Rock Eagle's Nest."

Near the Upper Lake of Killarney is a rock called the Eagle's Nest, which produces the most astonishing echoes; a French-horn sounded, rises a concert superior to a hundred instruments. —*Scott's Gazetteer.*

NOTE 8, PAGE 208.

"Great Charlemagne, with mighty hand,
Uprear'd our Oriflamme."

The royal standard of France, planted by Charlemagne.—*Old History.*

NOTE 9, PAGE 208.

"Built by our noble banish'd queen."

Mary de Medicis was banished by her son, Louis XIII., and died in poverty at Cologne, in 1642.—*Biography.*

NOTE 10, PAGE 208.

"And the Louvre and Tuileries
Are not unknown to fame."

The Louvre is a magnificent building, begun by Francis I. in 1528, and finished by Henry II. in 1548, and rebuilt on a new plan by Louis XIV.; and the Tuileries is a beautiful structure, built by Catharine de Medicis in 1564.—*Scott's Gazetteer.*

NOTE 11, PAGE 210.

"The type he invented, and then
From the press the fair letters start."

Guttemburg and Faust were the inventors of printing. Gunpowder and clock-making were also inventions of the Germans.—*History.*

NOTE 12, PAGE 211.

"Where glaciers, with glistening arms."

Pyramids of ice, that represent a variety of brilliant figures in the reflecting sunbeams.—*Baurrit's Travels in Switzerland.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 211.

"While heavy avalanches slide."

Immense masses of snow, that slide from the mountains and overwhelm whole villages in their course.—*Montgomery's Notes.*

NOTE 14, PAGE 212.

"Awakes the Alpine horn."

The shepherd on the highest Alps, at daybreak and sunset, sounds his horn, and calls out "Praised be the Lord," and those below take up the strain, till rock and glen repeat the name of the Lord.—*Old History.*

NOTE 15, PAGE 212.

"The monarch of the lofty Alps."

Mont Blanc, which is so much higher than the surrounding Alps that it catches and retains the beams of the sun twenty minutes earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance purpling with his eastern light or crimsoned with his setting glory, while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below.—*Montgomery's Notes.*

NOTE 16, PAGE 212.

"And the *lavanges*, sweeping down."

Torrents of melting snow, that tumble from the top of the Alps and deluge all the country before them.—*Ibid.*

NOTE 17, PAGE 215.

"Our heart-sick monarch paused to wipe a tear away."

Boadilla, the last king of the Moors, was so overcome when

about to leave his dominions, that he stopped by the Fountain of Lions and wept, mingling his tears with the glistening spray.—*History.*

NOTE 18, PAGE 220.

"To look on the field of Flodden, where
Our patriot monarch died."

James IV. of Scotland was slain in the battle of Flodden Field. —*History of England.*

NOTE 19, PAGE 224.

"The hapless slave chain'd in the hold."

Alluding to the African slave-trade.

Perhaps these notes are unnecessary, as the matter they contain is pretty generally known, I suppose; but, for the benefit of the few who do not, they are appended.

THE END.

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